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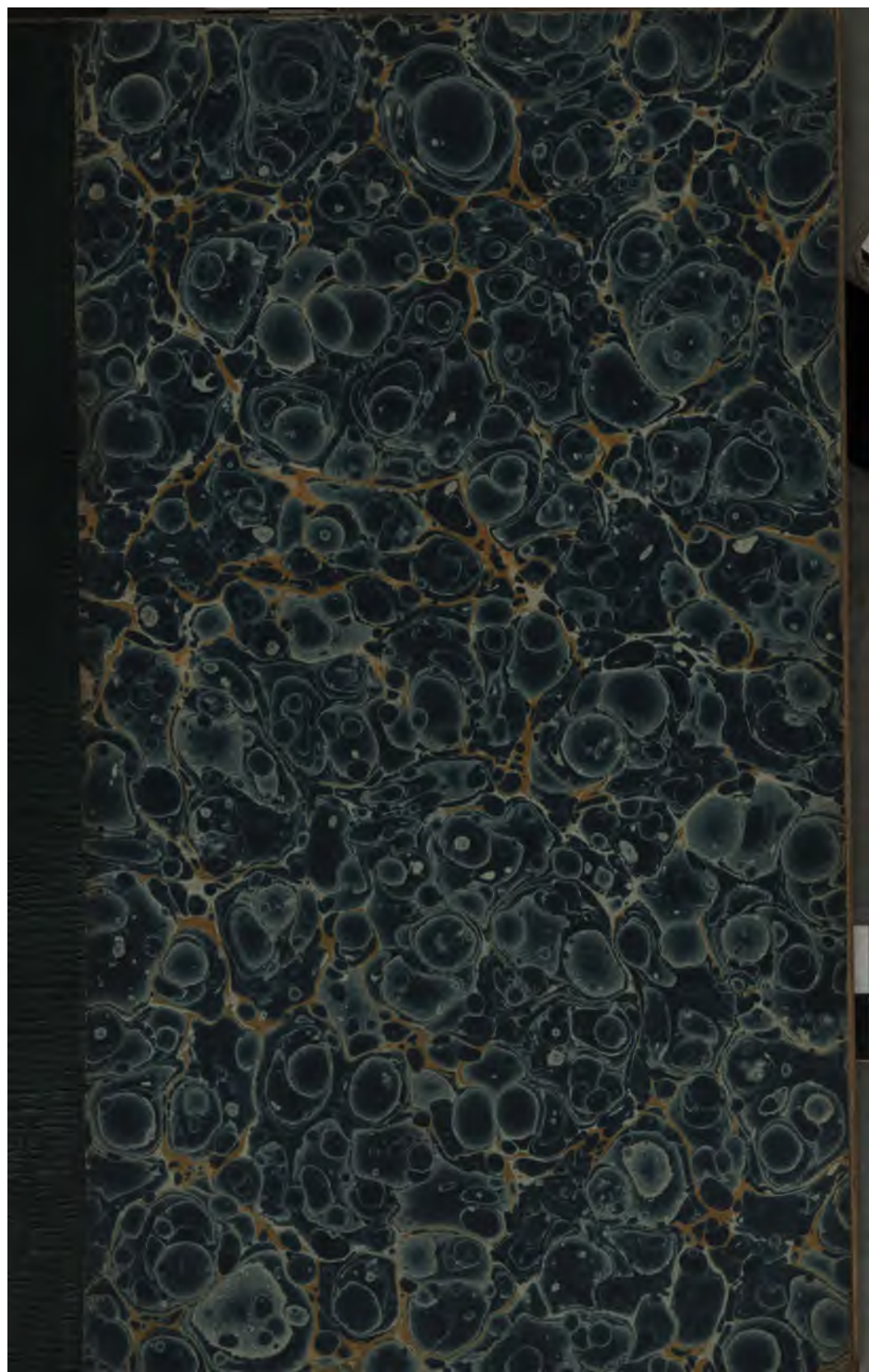
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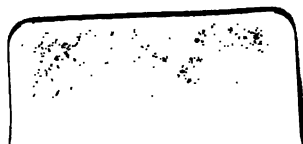
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49. 14.







THE  
SINGULAR INTRODUCTION  
OF  
**The English Bible**  
INTO BRITAIN  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE PARAMOUNT DUTY AND IMPERATIVE OBLIGATION  
OF BRITISH CHRISTIANS TO OTHER NATIONS  
IN THE PRESENT EVENTFUL PERIOD.

*"All things are best fulfill'd in their due time ;  
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said."*—MILTON.

LONDON:  
HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND COMPANY.  
EDINBURGH: WILLIAM P. KENNEDY.

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MDCCLXIX.



EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE, PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

SINCE the publication of the Annals of the English Bible, it has frequently been suggested to the Author, that some brief statement of the leading facts, which are still so little known, should be committed to the press for general circulation ; but now this appears to be the more incumbent, as the recent astounding events, both in Europe at hand, and in India afar off, have, in one point of view, lent far greater importance to that general history. These events certainly have imparted peculiar and unwonted solemnity, both to the obvious duty and immediate obligation of all British Christians ; while such is our singular position, that no “ shaking of the Nations ” as yet, need prevent us from putting forth all our strength, individually and collectively, in the direction here advised. It is however, only a very small proportion of the principal facts which could be embraced in the following pages, but these, it is presumed, are remarkably applicable to the present eventful crisis.

“ Midst all the war’s tumultuous noise,” if the war of *opinion* lies at the root, the Word of God alone can finally settle the whole. Obligation to Divine Truth involves Religious Freedom. For though even in this highly favoured land, blest with substantial civil liberty above the nations around it, there have been men of strong intellect, and very laborious, who have never felt this, what does it prove but that, neglecting the fountain of Supreme wisdom, the most sagacious have missed their way ? The most intelligent may become infatuated !

“ Ah ! how the human mind wearies herself  
With her own wanderings, and, involved in gloom  
Impenetrable, speculates amiss !  
Measuring, in her folly, things divine  
By human ; laws inscribed on adamant  
By laws of man’s device, and counsels fixt  
For ever, by the hours that pass and die ! ”

Still, with regard to the Sacred Volume itself, in our vulgar tongue, to which all parties in the kingdom profess to appeal, it



has so happened, and in a manner ever to be admired, that not one of them, without ignorant presumption, has ever been able to rise up and say—"That Book is ours," or "We gave it to our Country." Our English Bible having been commenced and finished on the Continent, and then imported, has for ever excluded all such arrogance; so that Tyndale especially, and even Rogers, who left not their names behind to be the foolish boast of any sect, are ever to be regarded as belonging only to the *Nation*. To all Christians in this country they have been the benefactors, nor in relation to us, as a people, can any two men ever stand upon the same ground.

The course of action recommended in "the Annals," therefore, is one that rises far above all parties, or party questions, and so it does in the following pages. It presents one of the finest and most effectual cures of every narrow and selfish feeling; while the Cause itself is one which derives encouragement both from the past and the future. Of old, it was once foretold—"the street shall be built again, and the wall, *even* in troublous times"—and so they were. But in a nobler sense, and in a more glorious undertaking, the Christian's activity may now abound; and far more so after he has received the Divine assurance, that no "labour in the Lord" ever has been, or ever will be "in vain." This is a Cause which is not only destined to universal prevalence, but is one which, it would seem, is never to arrive at its *highest purity and power* till it has reached its *greatest extent*. Malachi i. 11; Isaiah xl. 6-9. There is indeed no other in which that watchword, ONWARD, is at once so safe and so incumbent, and especially at the present moment.

CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON.

EDINBURGH, 18th June, 1849.

THE  
SINGULAR INTRODUCTION  
OF  
THE ENGLISH BIBLE  
AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

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**T**HERE is no individual mind in this country now able to estimate the value, or measure the consequences, of the immutable standard of Divine Truth having been exhibited to the eye of the nation at large. But beyond any question, it is to the possession and perusal of the Sacred Volume, without note or comment, in our vernacular tongue, that Britain now owes all that has raised her up, all that has preserved her, and now serves to distinguish her, among the nations of Europe or of the World.

It might have been presumed that the eminent individual to whom, as an instrument in the hands of Almighty God, she was first indebted for this inestimable boon, would, by this late day, have been embalmed in the bosom of a grateful posterity, and that, long before this, he would have stood by himself alone, or at the head of all his contemporaries in the early part of the sixteenth century. Yet strange as it must ever appear, it has not happened till our own day that any thing approaching to justice has at last been attempted to the memory of William Tyndale. Nor is there any way of accounting for this long delay but by the fact, that his claims on the admiration and gratitude of posterity have, either through ignorance or the spirit of party, been historically

transferred to other men. Everything relating to Tyndale, from his cradle to the stake at which he was strangled and consumed to ashes, has required to be sought out, sifted, and then verified by no very easy research.

But when this our native land was covered with all the gloom of superstition, with a darkness, both felt and feared in every corner, what a pressure must have lain upon the heart and conscience of only one man, glowing with ardour to dispel the clouds! For under this oppressive sense of obligation there appeared not a single individual who was capable of fully sympathizing with him in it, or sharing the load. When a great and hazardous undertaking is to be accomplished, it would seem to be the law of Heaven, that all the meekness, the reliance, "the untameable efficacy of soul" which are demanded, must be confined to the bosom of only *one* man. Whether walking on the hill at Little Sodbury in Gloucestershire, pacing the library of the manor house, or sitting at the dinner table, morning or evening, there was no getting rid of the obligation felt. This was Tyndale, as when he has told us—"I perceived by experience, how that it is impossible to establish the lay people in *any* truth, *except the Scripture were plainly laid before their eyes, in their mother tongue*, that they might see the process, order, and meaning of the text." Or as at another time, when provoked by the perverse ignorance of a rich ecclesiastic in his neighbourhood, he replied—"If God spare my life, ere many years *I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scripture than you do.*"

The ardent desire of his heart, however, could not be achieved upon English ground. To penetrate those dense clouds which hung over all Britain, he must embark for a foreign shore, for it was from thence, and even in the *same* memorable year, that the Light divine came into both England and Scotland; though, like the operations of Nature itself, nothing could be more unpretending in its character. First, Tyndale began with a single gospel, then a second, or Matthew and Mark, and then the New Testament entire, the Translator of which no man at home yet knew, nor could any even divine from whence the invaluable productions came! The fact is, that Tyndale's first New Testament, and indeed all that followed for years, were far from being *published*, in

the present sense of that term, though this has been often erroneously so stated in various modern abstracts, which is to rob the hazardous enterprise of its peculiar character and glory. But recently it has been proved that two editions had been finished by the end of 1525, as both were in England throughout the year 1526; one of them at least, if not both, so early as the beginning of February; nay and a third (pirated) edition before the close of that year. These earliest secret importations took immediate hold of many minds. They were so very powerful in their effects, that whether in London, to which they first came, or in Oxford and Cambridge, whither they were first sent, the enemies of Divine truth were, to a man, all alike in a state of violent agitation. Many of the canons and students of both Universities having got hold of the Sacred Volume and read it with avidity, were thus brought to the knowledge of the truth, so that the alarm of the authorities, from the King downwards, had reached its climax.

And thus, not in cities only, but in many a corner far distant, the work went on, even after Tyndale was known and held up to scorn, as the origin or "chief captain" of the hated undertaking. The Hollanders having discovered that the thirst or demand was so great, set their printing presses in order, and one edition after another, genuine or pirated, followed with such rapidity and secrecy, that before our Translator expired, in 1536, including two more from himself, one in 1530, and a carefully corrected one in 1534, the number altogether amounted to no less than *fourteen*! So many, at least, have now been ascertained. The last of these, a beautiful book in folio, and now very rare, being the *first* edition printed on our *native* soil, and by Bertholet the King's printer, has even still a degree of that mysterious secrecy attached to it, by which the entire series had been so dexterously managed; as it was printing in *London* before, or at the very moment when, Tyndale was receiving, at Vilvorde, the crown of martyrdom! From the year 1530 the Pentateuch also, translated from the original Hebrew, as the New Testament had been from the Greek; and from 1531, the book of Jonah, with a long, bold, and seasonable warning to all England, had been in circulation.

During these ten or twelve most eventful years of Tyndale's

life, a finer instance of unruffled determination, and unbroken perseverance, is certainly not to be found in English history. Before he began he had deliberately counted the cost, so that in all that he has left us of his own composition, there is often a calm dignity peculiar to himself. "In burning the New Testament," said he, "they did none other thing than that I looked for, no more shall they do if they burn *me* also, if it be God's will it shall so be." Having from the first consulted only with God and his own conscience, he possessed an indescribable severity of conviction, that he had but *one thing to do*, and though perpetually exposed to seizure and death, not a day was to be lost by him, nor was lost. Take for illustration one of his weeks. "A man very frugal and spare of body, a great student and earnest labourer in setting forth the Scripture of God—He reserved to *himself* two days in the week, Monday and Saturday," and how were they employed? On Monday he visited all such poor men and women as were fled out of England by reason of *persecution*, and these, once well understanding their principles and condition, he liberally relieved and comforted, providing for the sick and diseased. On Saturday he walked round into every corner and hole, and where he found any to be well occupied, yet over-burdened with children, or else aged and weak, them he relieved—and thus he spent his two days of *pastime* as he called them. The rest of the days of the week he gave wholly to translation and other subsidiary writing with all his characteristic diligence. When the Lord's day came, he went to some Merchant's Chamber, to which others resorted, where he expounded the Scriptures, "which proceeded so fruitfully, sweetly and gently from him, much like the writing of John the Evangelist, that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience to hear him read the Scriptures. After dinner there was another meeting or hour spent in the same manner."

It must have been in the course of one of those precious weeks that Tyndale had the courage to offer a meeting to Mr. Stephen Vaughan, the Ambassador to Flanders from Henry VIII., when, instead of seizing the ardent translator, he very boldly advised his King and Council to desist from persecution, but in vain. And this was the man against whom all the authorities in Britain so raged! Against whom the Lord Chancellor of England wrote and printed in black letter above

a thousand folio pages! And whom the Government at last so pusillanimously left to perish at the stake, as an outcast from all human society! This is the man.

For his masterly exposure, proceeding from the purest *patriotism*, of the ruinous policy of one Lord Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey—his powerful refutation and discomfiture, out of zeal for the purity and prevalence of *Scripture*, of a second, Sir Thomas More—his Scriptural sentiments respecting the first principles of Christianity, and his able illustration of its duties, from the Sovereign downwards, we must refer for fuller explanation, if not to his own works, to ‘the Annals of the English Bible,’ recently published. But for his distinct understanding of the formidable ground he had so resolutely taken from the first, on which he had fully resolved to live and die, we may quote his “ensample of an ivy tree.” Even as a model of pure Saxon, or of English undefiled, it stands unrivalled by any writer of his age, not even excepting his opponent More, whom Sir James Mackintosh has inadvertently pronounced to be “the first writer of a prose which is still intelligible.”

“To see how our holy Father came up, mark the ensample of an *Ivy tree*. First, it springeth out of the earth, and then a while creepeth along by the ground till it findeth a great tree : then it joineth itself beneath alow unto the body of the tree, and creepeth up a little and a little, fair and softly. And at the beginning, while it is yet thin and small, that the burden is not perceived, it seemeth glorious to garnish the tree in winter, and to bear off the tempests of the weather. But in the mean season, it thrusteth roots into the bark of the tree, to hold fast withal ; and ceaseth not to climb up, till it be at the top, and above all. And then it sendeth his branches along by the branches of the tree, and overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy, and thick ; and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and his branches, that it choaketh and stifeth them ; and then the foul Ivy waxeth mighty in the stump of the tree, and becometh a seat and a nest for all unclean birds, and for blind owls which hawk in the dark, and dare not come at the light.

“Even so, the Bishop of Rome at the beginning crope along upon the earth, and every man trod upon him in this world. But as soon as there came a Christian Emperor, he joined

himself unto his feet, and kissed them, and crope up a little with begging—now this privilege, now that—now this city, now that; to find poor people withal, and the necessary ministers of God's Word. And the alms of the *congregation*, which was the food and patrimony of the poor and necessary preachers, that he called St. Peter's patrimony—St. Peter's rents—St. Peter's lands—St. Peter's *right*; to cast a vain fear and an heathenish superstitiousness into the hearts of men; that no man should dare meddle with whatsoever came once into their hands, for fear of St. Peter, though they ministered it never so evil; and that they which should think it none alms to give them any more, (because they had too much already,) should *yet* give St. Peter somewhat to purchase an Advocate and an Intercessor of St. Peter; and that he should, at the first knock, let them in.

“And thus, with flattering and feigning, and vain superstition, under the name of St. Peter, he crept up, and fastened his roots in the heart of the Emperor; and with *his* sword climbed up above all his fellowships, and brought them under his feet. And as he subdued them with the Emperor's sword, even so, by subtilty and help of *them*, after that they were sworn faithful, he climbed above the Emperor, and subdued *him* also; and made him stoop unto his feet, and kiss them another while. Yea, Cœlestinus crowned the Emperor Henry the Fifth, holding the crown between his feet. And when he had put the crown on, he smote it off with his feet again, saying—that he had might to make Emperors and put them down again.

“Then he made a constitution, that no *layman* should meddle with their matters, nor be in their councils, or wit what they did; that the Pope only should call the Council, and the Empire should but defend the Pope, provided alway, that the Council should be in one of the Pope's towns, and where his power was greater than the Emperor's. Then, under a pretence of condemning some heresy, he called a General Council, where he made one a patriarch, another cardinal, another legate, another primate, another archbishop, another bishop, another dean, another archdeacon, and so forth, as we now see.

“And as the Pope played with the Emperor, so did his *branches*, his members the bishops play in every kingdom,

dukedom, and lordship; insomuch that the very heirs of them by whom they came up hold now their lands of them, and take them for their chief lords. And as the Emperor is sworn to the Pope, even so every King is sworn to the Bishops and Prelates of his realm; and they are the chiefest in all Parliaments. Yea, they and their money, and they that be sworn to them, and come up by them, rule *altogether*.

“And thus—the *Ivy tree*, the Pope hath under his roots, throughout all Christendom, in every village, holes for foxes, and nests for unclean birds, in all his branches—and promiseth unto his disciples all the promotions of the world.”

After this similitude, no one can say that Tyndale was not perfectly aware of the state of the world into which he had been born. What supported him must be given in his own memorable words—“*If all the world be against us, God's word is greater than the world.*” But though combining in no ordinary degree the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove, it was by the emissaries of this hideous and baneful power, in England and Flanders combined, that our Translator was at last seized, imprisoned, and molested. Undaunted and faithful to the last, in October 1536, he was taken from the fiery stake to his great reward—in the palace of the Great King or the Paradise of God. Full of faith and rich in good works, he had not only laid up a good foundation against the time to come; but left behind him to his native land, and through it to its far spread colonies, a *legacy*, as the event has proved, infinitely beyond that which any single man has ever done since—in the Sacred Volume entire, about to be mentioned.

There is an old and laborious historian who has somewhere said—“I dwell here now, in a school of *obliviousness*,” and certainly if the oblivion in which Tyndale has been left be notorious, it is but a little less extraordinary that the individual friend, who duly appreciated his indefatigable exertions as a Translator, has, by a species of ungrateful consistency, been left to share it with him. We here allude to Rogers, condemned also to the flames, but in 1555, under the name of John Rogers, alias Matthew, a native of Warwickshire, whose earliest years must have been spent at the place of his birth in the vicinity of Birmingham, namely, Deritend, a well-known spot, then beyond the boundaries, though now included



in that large and enterprising town. But as we endeavour to do some justice to his character and descendants in the Appendix, we proceed with this brief narrative.

It is a curious coincidence in the death of these two eminent men, that they both left a quantity of *manuscript* behind them, of which, if their enemies had been at all aware, neither in the one case nor in the other, would a single leaf ever have been permitted to see the light. As to Rogers, whose manuscripts were recovered by his son on the day of his death, this appears from our Appendix to have been very important; but in the case of Tyndale it was far more so, since his translations of the Scriptures, as far as he had gone, are presumed to have been included. Having, like Paul at Philippi, been successful in opening the eyes of the Jailor and his family at Vilvorde, soon after the morning of his martyrdom, through the kindness of this man there was conveyed by himself to Tyndale's noble and memorable friend, Thomas Poyntz, at Antwerp, "a packet of papers," which there can be no doubt Rogers must have soon beheld, and once seen, with what peculiar sensations!

No time, however, was now to be lost, nor certainly was lost. The object that Rogers had in view was to forward the work, as well as do justice to the labours of the man he had admired, and who, it is understood, had first led him to the knowledge of salvation by the blood of the Lamb. And this justice he conscientiously did, being himself "a very able linguist and general scholar." Accordingly, the whole of the New Testament of 1534 translated from the Greek, and of the Old, from that Hebrew which Tyndale so esteemed, as far as the end of Second Chronicles, or exactly *two-thirds* of the entire Sacred Canon, are Tyndale's verbally, with an occasional variation only in the orthography; and as for the other *third*, there were a number of chapters, particularly from Isaiah, Ezekiel, Joel, Hosea, Amos and Zechariah, Esther, and the Proverbs, which had been printed along with the New Testament. Besides these, a translation having been attempted by Myles Coverdale had appeared, and Rogers may have taken advantage of it, though he had evidently sat in judgment on every page of the Psalms and the Prophets, since that version is not implicitly followed. In short, Rogers had the whole of Tyndale's version, whether in print or in manuscript, as well as

Coverdale's intermediate sheets before him, and having reached the close, he printed on the last leaf these words—

TO THE HONOURE AND PRAYSE OF GOD WAS THIS BYBLE PRINTED,  
AND FYNNESSED IN THE YERE OF OURE LORDE GOD, A. MDXXXVII.

No month is mentioned, but it must have left the press by the middle of July, if not in the end of June, as the *first* copy had arrived in England about the first of August. At the end of the Old Testament stand conspicuously, adorned with flourishes, the letters W. T., to mark the very large share which he had in all that preceded; and as for the New Testament, it was too well known to require any such token. An exhortation to the study of the Bible is signed J. R. for Rogers, and he put the name of Thomas Matthew on the title, by which this bible, in folio, has been often designated. The noble printers, so well known afterwards, Grafton and Whitchurch, bore, *unaided*, the entire *expense*, as a speculation in business; thus holding out to posterity an unequivocal proof of the irresistible demand which Tyndale had created in the *Nation*, though not in the breast of the tyrannical monarch or his council, for of the whole undertaking they knew, as yet, literally nothing!

The singular providence of God, both as to the time and the manner in which this very book came into our Native land, is never to be forgotten, and it will be specially explained afterwards. But the Bible thus sent home, and so remarkably received, was soon again put to press, though still, like its predecessor, in a foreign land, and by the same printers; with Coverdale, sent as superintendant, and with even Bonner himself, then *hypocritically* smiling approbation. They commenced in Paris itself, at that time the very hot-bed of persecution, and once interrupted by the Inquisition, they saved the sheets, and finished the book at London in April 1539,—the fine Parisian types, the presses, and even the workmen, following soon after, now to print upon English ground the next folio Bibles. This was triumph the *second*, and now over all the power of the enemy, whether at home or abroad!

After perusing, therefore, even such a meagre narrative as this, a question naturally arises in the mind of the modern reader: Has anything ever been done since, to indicate our

gratitude as a nation, for the inestimable treasure received through these men? or our respect for their memory? And the answer is, Nothing—literally nothing!

“ Patriots have toil’d, and in their country’s cause  
 Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
 Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
 Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,  
 Vain of the treasure, marches with it down  
 To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,  
 Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
 To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.  
*But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,*  
*To those who, posted at the shrine of Truth,*  
*Have fallen in her defence.”*

Not to speak of marble or “ever-during brass,” no stone has ever been laid, no pillar erected, not even a School of Learning founded, or a Bible Printing Establishment opened, in grateful remembrance, of Tyndale especially, or even Rogers. To revive the memory of the neglected and forgotten benefactors of one’s country is always a pleasing and an incumbent task. Tyndale’s Bible, standing, as it does, at the head of such a host of followers, is no doubt his best monument, but this was the production and gift of his friend, even the sight of which now belongs not to every man ; and certainly it will not be to the credit of England, if such neglect, or forgetfulness of his country’s vast obligations to him, should continue much longer. On many accounts, the present day calls for some appropriate token. Independently of any pillar or other ornament, *a Printing Establishment in this country*, for printing the Sacred Volume in *foreign* tongues, the very events of the time suggest. This would be exceedingly appropriate, and form the proper top-stone to our English Bible. It is but recently, when searching for characters with which to adorn our Senate-House, that Wickliffe, the morning-star, has been very justly remembered ; though, at the same time, his *Bible* entire has not, even yet, appeared in print. Tyndale, much of whose language has been reading daily, and especially with every returning Lord’s Day, for three hundred years, has been forgotten!! Now London certainly, into which his New Testament was so dexterously conveyed at first, and for more than

ten years afterwards, with such effect—London, where it was openly acknowledged, even in the Convocation of 1536, by Fox of Hereford, before Tyndale expired, that “the lay people do now know the Holy Scripture better than many of us”—London, into which the Bible of 1537, once introduced, occasioned all the reigning authorities to bow and submit, is the appropriate place for some National Memorial.

And as for John Rogers, after the Appendix is glanced over, we presume there will remain not the shadow of a doubt as to the place where his Memorial ought to stand. The “men of Issachar of old had understanding of the *times*, to know what Israel ought to do, and they had all their brethren at their command.” And in Birmingham, happily, there are now many of a kindred spirit, who will not be slow to assist in any measure suited to testify their gratitude for the Sacred Volume in their mother tongue, so remarkably received into their native country; and their regard for the memory of a fellow-townsmen, who, in the presence even of his wife and children, so heroically gave himself up to the flames in Smithfield, in defence of Divine Truth.

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Having thus alluded to the two primary agents, under God, to whom Britain must ever remain indebted, and for favours which she can never repay, we turn to a subject of infinitely higher moment, or the main design of these pages—the SACRED VOLUME itself—which, in its first reception and the consequences, we presume, will be found to urge upon all British Christians of the present day an imperative and obvious duty, of supreme and even national importance. The first reception has not, till recently, been pointed out with anything even approaching to accuracy, though in itself it proves to be a subject fraught with the most curious interest and instruction. The conquest, or close of the long war, waged by a single combatant against a nation so hostile to him, had not been looked into by our previous historians. Both “the man and his communications” appear as though they had been deemed below notice, or unworthy of any careful examination; a circumstance far more remarkable, as soon as it is discovered, that the Word of God came to *us* in a manner which must



shortly have the higher hand of all *clouds*, though we resist in vain never so much. *The lay people do now know the Holy Scripture better than many of us.*" These secret arrivals, therefore, when viewed as so many events in their consequences, were more auspicious to human improvement than any which adorn the annals of time in this country; producing, above all others, intellectual activity, the harbinger of free inquiry—the only sure cause of the progress of Society.

But when to these we add the importation of the Scriptures entire, the very next year, in one folio volume, to the surprise of all the reigning authorities of the day—the memorable reception or acceptance—so sudden—so unanimous—by men in power, who up to that moment had been arrayed against it—All this marks an era so distinct, that it must never more be confounded with the doings of any other men afterwards. The longer it is observed or examined, there will ever appear only two men as the *primary* agents, under God.

This folio bible of 1537, up to the day of its arrival in London, was not known to have been in existence! Printed abroad, under the able superintendence of Rogers, neither Crumwell nor Cranmer, nor Henry the Eighth, had the slightest idea of such a thing having been already finished! Cranmer was taken by joyful surprise, at a moment, too, when he was in no little perplexity, and applying to Crumwell to lay the translation before the King, they were all overruled, signally and at once, to receive and sanction that blessed Book to be read by all, which has formed the basis of all the subsequent editions for more than three hundred years! Up to this period, the authorities had bought up for destruction, and at great cost, the New Testament—they had, with wanton and daring profanity, for upwards of ten years, burnt it, wherever or whenever it could be found—they had gone farther, and burnt the men who read it, pleaded for it, or even possessed it! Nay, only the year before, they had basely connived at the martyrdom of the original Translator himself, in a foreign land! And yet no sooner was this entire Bible—the desire of Tyndale's heart—presented, than these men in power at once bowed assent!

Who then can fail to perceive, who can hesitate to confess the Providence of God, in the occurrences thus hastily reviewed? From the beginning a higher than human agency

was at work. But the events of following years demonstrate that God had not merely permitted, but appointed the departure of Tyndale from this country. *Abroad*, in so remarkably protecting him from his pursuers, and at *home* in as remarkably concealing his blessed Word from detection, the hand of the unseen Ruler becomes equally apparent. But certainly the most striking and memorable intervention—the token of watchful care, and the infinite kindness of the Almighty towards this country was reserved for the close. A critical moment, as men speak, was approaching, and the Supreme Ruler was now pleased to hang the whole enterprise upon that moment. In the thing wherein all along the enemies had dealt proudly, there was ONE above them, but now this critical moment had arrived. An appeal was to be made to the heart of one of the most stubborn and capricious monarchs that ever swayed the British sceptre. “A prince,” said Wolsey, when near the point of death, “of such princely heart, that rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him, the space sometimes of three hours, to persuade him from his will, but I could *never* dissuade him therefrom.”

But then, this prince had fully committed himself, and on the *wrong* side, long ago. Above ten years before this he had been the first man in his kingdom who had denounced the New Testament contained in this very Bible about to be presented—denounced it, lest his “dearly beloved people” should be “infected with the deadly corruption and contagious odour,” which, he affirmed, it contained. And, in addition, at this present juncture, he had evinced the extreme of caution, in not sanctioning the volume afterwards styled “the Bishops’ Book,” even though they, as a body, had submitted—“that if any word or sentence was meet to be changed,” they should “in that case conform themselves.” But no, he would not suffer it to go forth in *his* name.

What then was to be expected from such a quarter at present? In the simple request to be made to Henry, at the instigation of Cranmer, one of the most timid of all his servants, there seemed to be nothing to interest such a voluptuary. In Crumwell, the man who was to tender the request, we behold merely one who had previously denounced the original

translator by name ; nay, and winked at his martyrdom only the year before. So that when we advert to the monarch, and observe his subsequent conduct in once afterwards trying so vainly to restrict the reading of the Bible by "all his subjects" below the rank of "a gentleman or a gentlewoman," we are shut up to the conclusion that the original royal sanction was simply what is often called "the whim of a moment." Yet on that moment the eternal wellbeing of thousands, or rather millions, seemed to hang in jeopardy. But what then, or how much did Crumwell obtain ? Why that upon this Bible of 1537 there should be printed in red ink—"SET FORTH WITH THE KING'S MOST GRACIOUS LYCENSE," *and now to be sold and read of every person, without danger of any act, proclamation, or ordinance heretofore granted to the contrary!* More than two years after this the king might by a public document lift his voice again, granting to his subjects "the free and liberal use of the Bible in our own maternal English tongue," but with all his natural caprice, never more shall he be able to revoke his original acquiescence ; though with regard to his royal injunctions, on other subjects connected with religion, he openly confessed his own impotence, and this was the *only* subject on which Henry the Eighth *ever* did.

We have now witnessed the notable reception of *one* Bible, but no more ; for it is now worthy of remark, that Grafton, the printer, brought over with him into England no more than *one*. The next arrival will be by his Servant, and these shall come into London, then raging with the *plague* ; so that there shall be no small difficulty about conveying six copies to Crumwell, as a present, for his success. And now Cranmer must thank Crumwell a *second* time, in writing, forgetting that he had done so already ! And as for the people, it seemed to them not only as though some unprecedented, but *incredible* thing, had happened. It was too good news to be true, for "certain there were who believed *not* that it had pleased the king" to do as he had done. However, so it was, this single first copy had turned the scale, and in looking back to it now, what or how much have we discovered ? In these New Testaments, so often committed to the devouring flames, and this one Bible, at the close of all, we behold the actual origin or commencement of a design by far the most powerful and extensive of any *now* upon the surface of this earth. For if we



now turn away, far from the reign of Henry the Eighth, what is the place which this one Bible of 1537 occupies in the present day among the annals of the Sacred Volume?

See it, standing at the head of an unbroken series of more than one hundred and forty editions of the Bible entire, and above one hundred editions of the New Testament separately, even *before* our present versions dated 1611. See then the printers, for many generations, unable to state the number of editions! Then turn to our own eventful day, when more attention has been called to the subject, and see copies of the Bible entire, and of the New Testament separately, to the amount of *twenty-seven millions*, pass through the press in less than half a century! Add to these the millions that have been issued in America, all within the same space of time, and then say whether the finger of a Secret Mover, far above the reach or even the ken of any human compact, be not apparent.

That foolish, not to say profane question, once agitated with so much virulence, whether the *Scriptures*, or what men called, or now call, the *Church*, be *uppermost*, is forever settled. Viewed as an undertaking for the salvation of the human soul, the Word of God has been carried to a height infinitely beyond the reach of any party, large or small, among men; and it is to "the Mistress Island of all the British" that this has been demonstrated. Upon the cause thus so singularly begun the sun now never sets! And here is the *solitary* language spoken below the heavens, of which any thing approaching to this can be said! For the purposes of devotional reading, or of public worship, this English Bible is in use for *twenty-four* hours in continuance every week! Nay, from Port Victoria itself, or Hong Kong in China, to a second London on the American Continent, or Canada West, at the present moment, no day can dawn, or even night return, in which many eyes are not cast on the *same* sacred page! Now, at the commencement of this undertaking, when the power of royal authority, the fire and faggot, and the dungeon, were all employed to crush it in the bud, was there any one alive who could have imagined that posterity was about to be led along a train till it should reach to a conclusion so magnificent as this? Or is there *now* living any mind who can measure it in thought, much less in its consequences?

It was truly a noble idea of Tyndale's, in his dark and cloudy day, to look as far as to "the boy that drove the plough in England." But the Omniscient eye saw farther, and then began to provide for men who should live far beyond her shores—for natives of Britain, wandering on the banks of unknown rivers, dwelling in the deep recesses of a new world, or walking amid the sylvan grandeur of the Pacific! All along, there was no occasion for any gigantic agency corresponding to such a result, or of causes corresponding to such an effect. All that mighty array or artillery which man employs to accomplish his greatest ends, God can dispense with. Yet who can sufficiently magnify or adore that blessed Being, who through means so feeble, so blind as to the grand result, has brought the present generation to a state of things which has no parallel in the world? Verily the highest conceptions of Him, as a Sovereign Ruler, are framed, not through sudden, or stupendous, or terrific instrumentality.

But has this glorious, though as yet far too little observed, consummation been effected, without any opposition, say feeble or formidable? So far from this, though the cause has moved on like the irresistible progress of time itself, it has never been without both, nor have they yet ceased in our own day, nor in our native land. After the flames were abandoned by all, who had only perpetuated their own disgrace; even in the time of Henry the Eighth, the *Spirituality* of the day, as they impiously styled themselves, began to moot the subject of "authority," or as they craftily then said, *co-ordinate authority*, and some of their contemporaries were foolish enough to forsake the impregnable ground of Sacred Writ, without note and comment. But one day, when met in convocation, presuming to lay the English Bible before them, five years after its introduction, Henry, once more overruled, and now sitting in council, treated these men, even as a body, with sovereign contempt. Nor, though led on by Gardiner of Winchester, would his majesty show his prelates even the very slender courtesy of waiting a little, till they should rise and leave the capital! No, at once, most pointedly, and by proclamation, he gave out his sanction in favour of that noble, because single, citizen of London, *Anthony Marler*, who was already thousands of pounds in advance, for the Bibles then dispersed, and for the remainder, then offering for sale.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten, that at that most remarkable period, two centuries ago, when our present version was becoming the universal standard of appeal throughout this kingdom; and observe! *without* any royal proclamation having been ever issued, as in Henry's time, *without* any human authority having ever been attempted, much less imposed; that then the enemy began feebly to discover his old and wonted hostility. Perhaps the righteous jealousy and indignation of Milton never rose so high as at this presumption.

"As if," said he, "the Divine Scripture wanted a *Supplement*, and were to be eked out, they cannot think any doubt resolved, and any doctrine confirmed, unless they run to that indigested heap and fry of authors which they call *Antiquity*. Whatsoever time, or the heedless hand of blind chance, hath drawn from of old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, these are the Fathers. Seeing, therefore, some men deeply conversant with books have had so little care of late to give the world a better account of their reading, than by divulging needless TRACTATES, stuffed with specious names of Ignatius and Polycarpus, with fragments of old martyrologies and legends, to distract and stagger the multitude of credulous readers, and mislead them from their strong guards and places of safety, under the tuition of Holy Writ, it came into my thoughts to persuade myself, setting all distances and nice respects aside, that I could do religion and my Country no better service for the time, than doing my utmost endeavour to *recall the people of God* from this vain foraging after straw, and to reduce them to their *firm stations* under the standard of the Gospel, by making appear to them, first the insufficiency, next the inconveniency, and lastly the *impiety* of these gay testimonies, that their great Doctors would bring them to dote on."

And again—"To certain free and ingenuous minds, from an over awful esteem of those more ancient than *trusty* fathers, whom custom and fond opinion, weak principles, and the neglect of sounder and superior knowledge, hath exalted so high as to have gained them a blind reverence; whose books in bigness and number so endless and immeasurable, I cannot think that either God or nature, either Divine or human wisdom, did ever mean should be a rule, or reliance to us, in the

decision of *any* weighty and positive doctrine. For certainly every rule and instrument of necessary knowledge that God hath given us, ought to be so in proportion as may be wielded and managed by the life of man, without penning him up from the duties of human society; and *such a rule and instrument of knowledge perfectly, is the Holy Bible*. But he that shall bind himself to make *Antiquity* his rule, if he read but part, besides the difficulty of choice, his rule is deficient and utterly unsatisfying; for there may be other writers of another mind, which he hath not seen; and, if he undertake all, the length of man's life cannot extend to give him a full and requisite knowledge of what was done in antiquity. Why do we or any, therefore, stand worshipping and admiring this unactive and lifeless Colossus, that, like a carved giant terribly menacing to children and weaklings, lifts up his club, but strikes not, and is subject to the muting of every sparrow? If you let him rest upon his basis, he may perhaps delight the eyes of some with his huge and mountainous bulk, and the quaint workmanship of his massy limbs; but if ye go about to take him in *pieces*, ye mar him; and if you think, like pigmies, to turn and wind him *whole* as he is, besides your vain toil and sweat, he may chance to fall upon your own heads. Go, therefore, and use all your art, apply your sledges, your levers, and your iron crows, to heave and hale your mighty Polypheme of Antiquity to the delusion of novices and unexperienced Christians."

Who could have imagined that two hundred years later, by only a few men, not over "conversant with books," of no great depth, of no sound judgment, and of no originality of mind, such folly could have been wrought in England "to the delusion of novices and unexperienced Christians?" The mountainous "Colossus of Antiquity" we have already seen "falling upon the heads" of its votaries; but as for the wise and stern determination of Milton's age, he himself and many others had fully made up their minds; and they left it upon record, as a solemn warning to their posterity. Since it is one which their countrymen of the present day would do well to bear in mind, here it is—

"*We shall adhere close to the Scriptures of God, which He hath left us, as the just and adequate measure of truth, fitted and proportioned to the diligent study, memory, and use, of every faith-*

*ful man, whose every part consenting, and making up the harmonious symmetry of COMPLETE instruction, is able to set out to us a perfect man of God.* And with this weapon, *without stepping a foot farther*, we shall not doubt to batter and throw down Nebuchadnezzar's image, and crumble it like the chaff of the summer threshing floors."—"And this is one depth of God's wisdom, that he could so plainly reveal so great a measure of it, to the gross distorted apprehension of decayed mankind. Let others, therefore, shun the Scriptures for their darkness; I shall wish I may deserve to be reckoned among those who admire and dwell upon them for their clearness."

Though it was not owing to this powerful language, but to a benign and better influence from above; it was but a few years after this, and at a period when there was no King, no authority to command such a thing, that our *present* version of the Bible became the *received* one, all over Britain, as it has remained, ever since, the universal standard of appeal. This indeed did not take place till *forty* years after its first appearance, for the Genevan version was the prevailing *household* Book. The present version, printed without note and comment, gradually made its way by its own merits. It has long been a very prevalent error to imagine that our English Bible owed anything to *any* Government, as to the expense of its production, from Henry VIII. downwards. Even in the case of the current version, first printed in the reign of James VI., it owed nothing to him, either as to money, or to what is vulgarly called patronage, though a dedication in a very fulsome style was prefixed, now most properly often left out. It has been ruled indeed by Judges on the bench that the Volume belongs to the Crown on the ground of *property*, as James was long loosely imagined to have been at the *expense* of the revision, but this has now been proved to be an entire mistake. See the *Annals*.

Coming down, therefore, two centuries later, to our own far more eventful day, and this tract having only one object in view throughout, what is there in this important cause worthy of remark or remembrance, that is now calculated to keep the widely-scattered well-wishers united as one man, and prompt them to permanent and far more vigorous action?

We look no farther back than half a century, partly because it is, to us, a distinct and very marked period of time, and

partly because, during the whole course of it, Divine Providence has been loading Britain with *responsibility*. Could the commencement and progress of this responsibility be still more distinctly traced, it might be of material service to ourselves, and of great value to surrounding nations. But the following sketch must here suffice.

So early as the close of the last century, the hearts of a very few chosen spirits were touched, or assailed, by great and unwonted depression of mind, in which those around them could not sympathize. There may have been others, but at all events, three at least are since known to have been conspicuous. CAREY, whose actual life yet remains to be laid before his countrymen, CLARKSON the philanthropist, and COWPER the poet, entirely unknown to each other, and all of them to the world at large, were alike, and at the same moments, in a state of depression which they could neither dismiss nor divert away. This depression of spirit, by frequent utterance and explanation, becoming infectious, caught hold of a few other kindred minds, but it was some time before the discovery, that, in all these cases, there were only modifications of the *same* deep-seated feeling. They all, in different style, referred to their common and beloved country, and the peculiar position in which Britain then stood, with respect to the earth at large. The state of the world seems as if it had then come up in remembrance before God, and however arduous was to be the struggle, not only the chains of *Superstition* and *Idolatry*, but the chains of the *Slave* were ultimately to be broken. To whom much had been given, of them was to be much required. If we were to retain the *Scriptures* in our own possession, we must *give* them to other nations in their own vernacular tongues; to preserve whatever of *Christianity* existed at home, and revive it, it must be *sent* to the ends of the earth; and if we were any longer to enjoy our own *civil liberty*, we must make others *free*. It is only with the first of these objects that we have here to do.

It then became apparent, though very gradually, to the most intelligent Christians throughout this land, that the Sacred Volume, which they had enjoyed so long, was held by them only under an imperative law—"THE LAW OF DIFFUSION;" and as if to deepen the impression now more widely felt, it should never be forgotten that it was the reflex influence

of *foreign* operations—operations at first but very feeble, and at the distance of half the globe, that kindled up a flame at home, which has burned, more or less, ever since! In the then existing state of the Christian mind in Britain, quickened also by the fear of Continental infidelity, the most trivial incident was sufficient to engender the idea of expecting and attempting greater things. Accordingly, it was not the absolute want, but the mere scarcity of the Scriptures at home, *not in English*, but in one of the subordinate and despised dialects in this kingdom, the *Welsh*, which gave birth to the sublime idea and imperative obligation to give to the *World*, in its various languages, the Sacred Volume without note or comment. In other words, it was then felt that the united strength of British Christians ought to be spent in giving to other lands “the chief advantage” to which, as a nation, and above all others, we had been *most* indebted. This flame, which it is hoped will never cease to burn, rose to its height about the year 1830. So that, if we can possibly understand “the times in which we *now* live,” it becomes necessary to turn to another and widely different retrospect.

During the whole course of these last fifty years, it is known to all that the operations of the Supreme Being have been unwonted; though it is not generally understood in what respects they have been peculiarly so towards this Country, whether we regard its insular *dominion*—its *inhabitants* at large—or the *language* which they speak. If ultimately, as we presume, *all* these will be found to have a remarkable bearing on God’s own revealed *Word*, they demand the more regard.

As it respects our insular *dominion*, as if our native soil had been extended, it is in this period that Divine Providence has been gradually encompassing the Island with an area more than *thirty* times the size of itself—an area peopled by above one hundred and fifty millions of our species, and most of them have become, *bona fide*, our fellow-subjects; our “influence” of course stretching out to many millions more! But more recently, in particular, the Disposer of all events, outstripping all human foresight, and all the maxims of human policy, has been rapidly introducing us to the wide earth; and having made “a path in the sea,” is causing the world around, as it were, to draw near and come, or to look from afar to no other than this long-favoured country. Though but an Island

in these western seas, and with a population far inferior to many other nations, there can be no mistake as to our present place or position among them all. Little minds may only speculate and be dissatisfied, but the responsibility of our position is more than sufficient to engage the gravest thought in the most intelligent. There is one spot on the earth, and only one—but that is “our native nook of earth”—having stated and regular communication with the whole discovered world. A kingdom, with colonies covering one-fifth of the globe, and commerce spreading over the whole, her sails whitening every sea, and her sons landing, lingering, or remaining on every shore, civilized or savage, how is it possible to shift off the questions—Why all this? or, For what end?

But if, from the present singular dominion thus given to this island, we turn for a moment to its *inhabitants*, in their circumstances during the last fifty years, there is much to be found, as though it had been intended to baffle all adequate description. In the times that have passed over us, when compared with those of every other country in the world, what a contrast presents itself! But the events themselves, both here and elsewhere, have been, and now are, of a character so *germinant*, that the human mind has still to wait for the growth or result of most of them. There is one point of view, however, which above all others should arrest attention. As believers in Divine Revelation itself, as if to awaken us to our peculiar calling, our paramount duty, twice has the whole of Europe been turned upside down before our eyes; first, by the agency chiefly of one man, as an instrument in the hand of God, and now, far more wonderfully, because immediately, by the hand of Him with whom “a thousand years are as one day.” We have stood all the while as on a hill apart, only in sight, and witnessed these nations first sowing the wind, and now reaping the whirlwind. “The great and strong wind that overturned the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks, the earthquake and the fire,” have all been *there*, again and again; while *here* there has been, ever and anon, only “the still small voice” of God’s blessed Word. At intervals, it is true, there have been within our shores seasons of agitation more than sufficient to rouse the most unthinking stupidity to reflection; yet throughout the whole period, how marvellously have we been preserved from civil war! In any



age, the world certainly has never witnessed a contrast so bold as that which, all the while, we have been quietly summing up in the short expressive terms of "home and abroad." This quietude, this exemption from turmoil, has involved mighty obligations.

And if, from our insular situation, and the people at large, we now finally turn to the *language* spoken, what can there be found in *it* worthy of any separate consideration? Why, simply this, that within the same period of fifty years, something significant and peculiar to it has taken place. A change has ensued, not on the tongue itself, but on the extent in which it is in daily use. There has occurred in reference to our English tongue, that to which there is to be found *no* parallel in any other language, ancient or modern; so that whether we look at it, in what may be styled its *ingress* or *egress*, they are alike remarkable. With regard to the former, many particulars have come to our ears from continental travellers, these having been translated; but all these are as nothing when compared with our own English. It is through *this* medium that the light of information has been hourly pouring into our native land respecting the very ends of the earth. In most other European nations, comparatively but little is known. More information as to *all* foreign parts has come home to us in a *few* years, from natives of our own island sojourning abroad, or settled there, than could otherwise have been obtained in the course of a whole century! This information, indeed, may have served daily to amuse or gratify the multitude, and nothing more; but this does not prevent or retard the *responsibility* of our country from rising with every morning dawn. For what saith the Scripture, or how readest thou? *If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not: doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and will not He render to every man according to his works?*

Here then we are, and intelligence as to the world coming with every fresh arrival, from such a position there is no escaping, nor has Britain apparently any desire to escape. But then, in connexion with this *influx* of information, there has been, for more than twenty years, another and far more commanding process going on, and with far greater rapidity,

—the *dispersion* of our language by emigration, so that at this moment English has become the most diffused of any tongue among the family of man! It is in the course of this dispersion, that there has been given to the revealed will of God a place in the earth, which has never before occurred since the world began!—An event which, in all its import, is the highest among mankind.

In every one of these three points of view, there is involved so much of national responsibility, that every considerate mind will repeat the questions—Why all this? and for what end? Altogether, these discover the pinnacle of Britain's glory; but what vain infatuation would it be, either to *boast* of this altitude, or to imagine that there is to be found here any repose! or nothing but repose! And "*Esto perpetua*" will not save us.

Because that Britain has been raised to the height of "Mistress of the Sea," is it to fill her sons with the vain confidence that she is competent to the covering of the earth with the knowledge of God? Far from every one be such a presumptuous thought. No; as Mistress of the Sea, Carthage, but especially Tyre, with her "masts of cedar and benches of ivory, a merchant of the people for many isles," preceded us long ago; but no sooner was her heart lifted up, and she began to say, "I sit in the seat of God in the midst of the sea," than her dominion passed away; and so will *ours*, if we apprehend not the *end* that the Almighty has in view. Nor let Britain scorn to take warning on one point by a modern instance, even the power that once so boldly contended with her for the actual "sovereignty of the seas." A power whose object was to acquire, but seldom to *dispense*. Where, though they grew no *timber*, yet at last they used more *ships* than almost all the rest of Europe put together; when they could have sent or carried their entire population to the Eastern World in ships, built or bought, of their own property. A country where, though they had no *flax* of native growth, yet they then made the finest *linen* in the world. They were at that time the great masters of Indian spices and Persian silks, yet wore plain woollen, and fed on their own fish and vegetables. They sold the finest of their own *cloth* to France, and bought inferior quality out of England. In short, said Sir W. Temple, "they furnish luxury which they never practise, and traffic in pleasures which they never taste." Britain certainly ap-

pears to be in little danger of falling into a course such as this; but then she may be *profuse* within herself, and yet forgetful of foreign dependencies; for even that people gave the Scriptures to some of hers. But what ensued after all this grasping avarice? Why should *the High and Mighty States of Holland*, as they then styled themselves, ever come down so low as to petition this country at last as "*the poor and oppressed?*" Let a nation only fall into the parsimonious and hoarding course of the solitary miser, or even not act generously, as Providence has done to it, then its downfall is certain. Of nations, as well as individuals, it is true—"there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." If the eyes of Britain as a nation, therefore, be now open to her golden opportunities of being *generous* as well as just—compassionate and generous, as a people, to other nations, she must see that her safety and supremacy are here alike involved. Sympathy is a *talent*, nay, it is one of the highest order; and when used as a nation, is one of the strongest guarantees for its own prosperity and peace; when laws and human policy, or grasping avarice, not to say haggling reciprocity, prove all in vain.

Again, as it would be nothing short of insult to these high movements of invincible Providence, to say that they signify nothing to us, as a nation; so it would be no less, to interpret them as a voice to any particular or single Religious community within our shores to arise and spread its peculiar tenets through the world; and far less as a voice to them all, to awake and do the same. No, it must now be manifest that it is not to us as bodies, corporate or not corporate, endowed or unendowed, voluntary or compulsory, but to "*whomsoever amongst us feareth God,*" that, by these movements, He has been all along addressing this nation. Yet as God has ever wrought by instruments, or through second causes, if He still intend favour to this country, may it not be in consequence of, and in connexion with, His so singularly at *first* bestowing, and since *continuing*, that which, for centuries, has formed our highest national blessing—or the Sacred Volume, separate and distinct from all human opinions? Granting that the people have divided and subdivided, till many minds have become weary of their own wantonness, is it not a blessing to

be observed, infinitely above all others, that God's own Word has come to us in a manner much resembling the *manna* of old, which fell upon *all* the twelve tribes alike !

But has all this taken place that we might live on, simply as we have done ? quarrel about our different forms of ecclesiastical polity, so called, till every one of them, from the least to the greatest, is shaking to the root ? and leave the nations to die around us, destitute of that Word with which our land has been filled to overflowing ? For now that the Almighty, as it were, " holding in his hand the golden compasses," has drawn a line round the earth through the medium of our mother tongue, what is there in it of human composition, worthy of a moment's notice, when compared with His own revealed will in that language ?

To that sympathy, therefore, which had been kindled up, on behalf of benighted foreign nations, to give them the Scriptures in their several vernacular tongues, we now return.

To those who can still look back to that interesting period when the great body of British Christians, as such, irrespective of all the different churches or denominations into which they were divided, began to act ; it will be remembered that it was the simple proposal of " the Bible without note and comment," in all languages, that met with an approbation so cordial, as to gather to itself the largest and most influential circle then in the world. Within this circle, while there was no sacrifice of any one principle, there was a measure of candour in judgment, and harmony of feeling, never before felt or enjoyed. The swell of pity had been excited, and the eye of compassion dwelt upon foreign lands ; that eye affected the heart, and so long as it remained in this, the right and proper or incumbent direction, the very best, because generous and intelligent, minds, continued in vigorous harmony. Now, at the present day, it may be as distinctly observed, that about the year already mentioned, unconscious, or forgetting, that we had then taken the *right*, but only the *first*, step to ultimate union among ourselves, and that, as a people, we hold " the Oracles of God" only under the imperative Law of Diffusion, a change ensued ! *All that was spent for the Scriptures in FOREIGN languages after 1830, for the next TEN years, compared with the TEN years before it*, but too sadly proves this. As for the languages of Africa, North America, and *all* Asia, for

*these ten years from 1830 inclusive, it did not amount to the HALF of what had been expended during the ten years before it!* Nor has the cause as to foreign tongues, to this day, recovered the vigour of that period. Whether this was owing to a secret spirit of vanity, self-importance, or ostentatious parade on the part of too many who had been so engaged; or that the mere spirit of *party* could here find nothing to gratify it, we do not inquire; but a change had ensued—and what have we got instead? The eye that for years had gazed so intently in the proper direction, was disturbed, it swerved, and turning in upon ourselves and our own local arrangements, other themes and other objects then engaged, and have since engrossed notice. And what are these when compared with genuine Christian sympathy for the rest of the world? Are they not of a selfish and trifling character? And indeed all the *isms* that have since courted and distracted attention we here feel almost insuperable aversion even to name. But had any one, at the outset, inquired into the meaning of these—whether Rationalism, Pantheism, or Mysticism from abroad, or Puseyism or Formalism at home, no explanation could have been obtained; nor can it be obtained now, as *mystery* and *reserve* seem to be two cardinal points with them all. Nor to the traveller to another world is explanation of the slightest consequence. Even what Birom said of mere learning cannot be applied to any one of them—

“ ’Tis Athens’ owl—’tis not Mount Zion’s dove,  
The bird of learning—not the bird of love.”

All these modern human speculations fall far below deserving even this left-handed compliment; but while the wide world around us is perishing, and in many quarters *hungering* for the Bread of Life, and every Christian community at home is tremulous, as the magnetic needle when turned from its proper direction, to see any of the inhabitants of such a Country as *this* so inveigled and so misled, may well excite a passing sigh. Yet it only becomes of so much greater moment for the friends of Divine truth to observe and keep in mind, that whatever agitations have been in Britain during the last half century, they have all been strikingly characteristic of its being the land of the Bible. These lucubrations, having so much of the darkness of the night about them, if not expressly so intended, have sadly interfered with the great duty of diffusing the Sacred Volume,

or, they have had a direct bearing on Divine Truth itself. At one time threatening the land with the lava of infidelity,—at another with the baneful poison of a philosophy, falsely so called\*—while for more than thirty years the notorious Enemy of the Word of God, in every language spoken under heaven, has been uttering his blasphemy, and with special effrontery, in the ears of the people of this Country. That enemy, too, it should be observed, throughout all these years, far from thundering his wonted profane anathemas against any particular community within these shores, has been fawning and flattering individuals, or such as were observed to be more than half-way on the road to meet him; but though robbed of his “bonds of iniquity” in Britain, never in *any* past age have his “gall and bitterness” been so plentifully discharged upon one point. That one point is the Word of God in the vulgar tongue, but especially “the Bible, *without note and comment.*” Above all things he deprecates “the publication—the distribution—the reading—nay, *retaining* of the Holy Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue.” Thus, since the 1st of June 1816, four Pontiffs in succession, including Ferretti, the present fugitive at Gaeta, have distinctly and officially intimated to the world that by this measure alone “*the very foundations of their religion are undermined!*” Such are their own terms.

These, and other pestilential influences or exhalations, indigenous to France, Germany, and Italy, have been felt and feared by some; and unquestionably they have all had one common effect or aim, that is, to turn away the eye of Britain from the Word of God, our best hope, our shield and safeguard. But it would be a loss of precious time, and as precious opportunity, for British Christians to turn aside at present from their high calling, or come down to refute or expose these or any other false systems. There is one, and only one, more excellent way. The Sacred text alone—as for ourselves, *so also for the world*—steadily pursued, all may safely remain deaf in both ears to any diversion from their paramount object and duty. In such a course there is no cause of apprehension

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\* “We ought not to attempt to draw down or submit the mysteries of God to our reason, but, on the contrary, to raise and advance our reason to the Divine truth. In this part of knowledge, touching Divine philosophy, I am so far from noting any deficiency, that I rather note an excess; whereto I have digressed, because of the extreme prejudice which both religion and philosophy have received from being *committed together*, as that which *undoubtedly* will make an *heretical* religion and a *fabulous* philosophy.” “This observation” of Lord Bacon’s, said the late Robert Hall, “appears to me to deserve the most profound meditation.”

in any warring wind. This may not confute a single heresy, but what is better still, it would cause them all to be forgotten. "They that forsake the law *praise* the wicked, but such as keep the law *contend* with them." Even in this land, with all its faults, but with all its facilities, there is a remedy for every evil, *except the loss of the Divine favour*.

Thus it is that every retrospect, every review of the last fifty years, whether brief and imperfect as the preceding, or more extended and luminous, must ever bring the mind to one conclusion—that no past period in the annals of time has been more crowded by casualty or events of an awakening character. Since the ages before the Christian era there has been no such "shaking of the heavens and the earth;" and the most commanding of all changes, still before our eyes, has been reserved to the close. The whole of Europe lies before us in a state of decomposition. There is a sceptre, one blow of which has shaken the stable tyranny of thrones, and tottering empires have rushed by their own weight; the iron and the clay are separating from each other, and the dreams of scepticism and vain philosophy have been given to the winds. The opening storm which thundered, with such rapidity, over an entire continent, overturning every thing in its way, has, for the present, drifted to leeward, and left Britain unscathed, though she is now standing like a pillar in the midst of ruins; but in the clouds of the moral atmosphere still, there is a sulkiness which betokens other changes and greater things to come. Is it then conceivable that "the riches of the Divine goodness and forbearance, and long suffering," towards this country, have had no *determinate* object? Or, to us, no intelligible voice whatever?

Is there yet to be found a man so blind, such a partizan, or so full of ecclesiastical self-righteousness, as to point to any *single* Christian community, of whatever name, in Britain, as first accounting for her present singular elevation, and now involving her future weal or wo? If so, he can be ranked no higher than the people of Lisbon, who, amid the shocks of their great earthquake, ran to their cathedral for safety, till it was crowded to suffocation. What, then, can possibly be the reason, or what the *purpose*, for which our country has been spared?

In looking over a period so chequered by perpetual change—

a surface in which the seeds of mutation have been so thickly sown—should there at last be detected any one process in which there has been nothing of the kind, but a uniform and steady advance up to the present hour ; what though it should have been regarded by many with perfect indifference, or by others with sovereign contempt ? Were it only as a *contrast* to the things all around, it deserves to be looked into. It is possible that this one thing may furnish a key to our present paramount duty ; and that duty pursued, may be the only one which can prolong our other blessings, or preserve our Country itself on the high moral ground to which, by a benignant Providence, it has been raised.

But in order to understand this chief incumbent duty, it is to the multiplication of the Sacred Volume, not in *foreign* tongues, but in *our own*, during this last half century, that we must first turn. The process has frequently filled with surprise even those who have been engaged in it. They could not account for the demand, and have expressed their inability ; but as to the Scriptures in *foreign* languages, whether the design of multiplying *them* was in correspondence, it has been left for others to enquire.

Abstaining, then, from all opinions respecting the Scriptures themselves, it has been our aim throughout to fix the eye upon *facts* relating to the English Sacred Volume itself, without note and comment. Only it will be recollected that though we are here speaking of a volume, it is like nothing else in the form of one. To us it is “the Revelation of the living God,” and therefore every fact relating to it ought to carry corresponding importance.

It is necessary, then, that it should first be generally and distinctly understood, that at *no* time did the vast multiplication of the *Bible in English* depend upon any combination of *men*, large or small. Societies there have been, called by its name, but the *amount* of increase has never depended upon any of them, or all of them put together. The very term “Bible Society” is one which has misled, through inattention, many more besides Dr. Nicholas Wiseman. Their number, the style of oratory, not to say the frequent attendant applause, have contributed to blind the mind, or obscure the evidence of a far greater movement going on before our eyes. From first to last, the history of the English Bible has supported a



character *sui generis*; but within the last fifty years, the voice addressed to the existing generation has gone beyond all precedent; whether we regard the amount of money expended in the trade, or the number of copies issued from the press. During this half century, there have been many changes, and the people have changed with them; different seasons of excitement or agitation, which have died away; but as it regards the printing-press of the Sacred Volume in our *native* tongue, there has been no change whatever, except only in its accelerated progress. Among all the pursuits of many men, political, commercial, or even ecclesiastical, in this process at the press we can discover no disturbance or diversion, whether the nation has been at war, or at peace with all the world. There has not only been no pause, but no relaxation, and many may be surprised to learn, that of all places in the kingdom, with its Bible steam printing-press, stands *Oxford* itself, at the head! The spot where *WICKLIFFE* first, long before the invention of printing, and *TYNDALE* afterwards, flourished so long ago. If language, in direct reference to the Scriptures, rising even to the height of vicious boldness and blasphemy has been heard from the *same* quarter; the very smoke of their Bible press has been rising daily, as it were, in rebuke and defiance. But similar progress has been displayed at other presses, both in England and Scotland.

Is there not, then, a *fixedness of purpose* in all this, and worth looking at once more? Is it not a fact sufficient to command notice and reflection, though millions amongst us have never observed it, that since only the present century began, there has been spent on our vernacular Bible alone, considerably more than *four millions sterling*? Or, that in whole or in part, copies have been printed more than equal to *every man, woman, and child* of the resident British population? Besides, before ever this great movement began, no country in the world was so richly supplied as ours, so that there must be in existence far more than the number already stated. Very probably, on an average, more than two for every soul in the Island!

And what though, in Britain, individuals are still to be found without a copy of the Scriptures, or what though there be entire families in which they are not to be found? In the *aggregate* to which we now direct the eye, there are considera-

tions sufficient to rouse and rivet attention, of far more serious import, to every reflecting mind, and to us “as a people.” There may be some, indeed happily there are, who are toiling after “God’s best gift” being to be found at least in every *family* of the land; but this tardy process—this feeble effort, however benevolent, is as nothing whenever we turn and contemplate this mysterious, and startling, and *ever-growing* aggregate! Many a British Christian, long before this crisis, should have been arrested by it, and stopt to inquire—What can possibly be its import? or, What the ultimate purpose of the Unseen Mover? Upon an average, one copy of our New Testament separately, or of the Bible entire, is leaving the British press *every twelve seconds*! That is, in the hours of every working or lawful day of the week, at the rate of *five every minute*! Now, as to the disposal of these volumes—Whither are they gone? and Where have they been or are they now going? These are questions with which many ought to have been quite familiar, and able to answer, long ago; but, observed or unobserved, Providence has been ruling, for years, that thousands or myriads of these volumes shall neither be *read*, nor even *remain* within our shores. They have gone in the possession of their owners or purchasers, or they have been sent, far as the winds and waves could carry them, to the ends of the earth. The entire dispersion of Bibles and Testaments in *English*, at home and abroad, during the last fifty years is now rising above *twenty-seven millions*!

In order, therefore, to comprehend the paramount duty of every Christian patriot throughout our land, rich or poor; close alongside of this mighty movement as to our own language, we now place the *foreign* department. *Foreign* lands being destitute or benighted, and British Christians having started at the beginning with great spirit, more than forty years ago, with special reference to them, what is the comparison to be drawn now between *home* and *abroad*? in other words, between Britain alone and all the world besides? At this subject we have already glanced, nor is there any occasion here for entering into many minute comparisons, though they are all of a glaring or awakening character. But take for example a series of twenty-five years, from 1820 to 1844 inclusive, and inquire—“By the Christians of this country in union, about how much may have been devoted to all Asia,

Africa, and our North American Colonies, during this period?" No more than £222,007, 12s. 2d. ! Or, how much has been spent on all the European languages? £501,608, 13s. 11d. But what is the amount which has been devoted to the languages of this, the United Kingdom, alone in the same period? And the answer is *one million two hundred and seventy-five thousand six hundred and fifteen pounds ! !* But then, observe, that this is merely the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and a *far larger* amount has been spent, during these twenty-five years, upon the *English* Scriptures than even this ! In short, suffice it to say that during the last fifty years there has been expended within our own comparatively little country, upon our own vernacular Bible, far more than *double* of all that has been devoted to destitute *foreign* nations, whether in the Eastern or Western Worlds ! Yes, notwithstanding all the cry that has been often heard respecting the European, the heathen and Mahomedan nations, British Christians have not yet spent on the whole world even the *half* of that which they have done upon the Sacred Volume in their *own* language only ! When the mode in which this plentiful supply of the Word of God has been conferred on Britain is understood, and it is remembered that an entire copy of that blessed Volume in her native tongue may be purchased for *one shilling*, these comparisons become most humiliating. All that applause, therefore, so often heard at Bible Society meetings, from the largest down to the humblest, has, to say the least, been *misplaced* ; and this applause, echoed as it has been everywhere, through the medium of the press, and creating merely a moment of elation in the superficial or uninformed mind, must, in the end, have produced only a benumbing, a delusive and injurious effect. Fine opportunities have thus been lost for multitudes retiring full of sympathy, instead of self-esteem. "My Father," said Louis XIV. to Massillon, "how is it? when I hear other orators, I go away much pleased with them; but whenever I hear you, I go away much displeased with myself." It seems as if a few British Massillons would be of great service at present.

This prodigious and affecting disparity, between ourselves as a people and the rest of mankind, is not a thing of yesterday. On the contrary, it has been increasing daily for more than twenty or thirty years. Nor is this all. There has

been a series of awakening events, during the same period, which have been allowed to pass over without their due effect. These have been so prolific of intelligence with regard to other nations, that they might be presumed to have excited every Christian philanthropist to greater exertions in their favour. We refer to the spirit for emigration. Yes, from the time that Christian sympathy for the destitute and weary-hearted in foreign lands began to *decline*, our *own* countrymen have been on the move. Ever since the nation has been disturbed from within, or seized with a spirit of ecclesiastical self-righteousness; while many have become engrossed by mere "Formalism" of human device, and others have been as vainly dreaming that the Scriptures themselves contain no definite "form of Godliness;" multitudes of our countrymen have been annually or rather daily moving off, and in all directions, crowding, and unreturning as the passengers to eternity. Some of these indeed have returned, and laid their researches before the public, which have drawn forth only such reflections as this—that "England has had great reason to be proud of her travellers." But the great mass will return no more, nor ever again see their native country! This great movement, wearing such a sombre character, might have been supposed to have induced graver consideration in all who remain; as neither the increase of our population, nor the narrowness of our territory, nor dissatisfaction with the politics of their country, nor all these put together, can fully account for it. Various motives, no doubt, there must have been, though at the same time we see, or think we see, a propelling cause above them all. But be this as it may, the result is, as already stated, that within these twenty years the sun never sets upon our language, nor upon the sacred page itself, in our mother tongue.

The solemn and responsible position of our Country, therefore, is now more apparent, and the peculiar obligations of our fellow-Christians may be better understood. Britain, unquestionably, or rather British Christians in it, ought, in all reason, to be the centre of action in this, the highest of human undertakings, and from them the far greatest amount of exertion is due. Nor let them any longer turn an indolent eye only to what are called Societies. Let these go on, by all means and with more success, in their own way; but there is another, a higher mode of action. In the infancy of human

exertion, Societies appeared to some too ardent minds absolutely necessary, like so many "flags of distress," to intimate that something at least *must* immediately be done, to save those who were ready to perish for lack of knowledge. But Societies can never impress the mind with a sense of *individual* obligation. This is the one great truth which the position and the privileges of this country alike imperatively suggest; but Societies have too long and too often proved a refuge for the covetous professor, and the men of mere pretence, by a petty trifle to have their names recorded, and so escape from their incumbent duty of doing to others as God had done for them. Tenfold more energy is now desirable, and this cause alone calls for more; but energy here, if we are to be guided by the past, is not to be found in the parade of mere official arrangements. Under the deepest sense of obligation, let us beware of any longer looking round and round for "public men" or "patronage." We deprecate new social trammels. They are far too numerous already. In the present artificial state of society, our reliance must be upon *principles*, not plans—upon individual men of *fixed* principle acting, and *continuing* to act, not from external impulse, not from mere sympathy with a crowd. The most perfect and beneficial agency is exerted without precipitation or tumult. The strongest minds are often those of whom the world hears least.

"Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird

That flutters least is longest on the wing."

"In all probability," said no common observer of the times, lately deceased, "in all probability the improvement of mankind is destined, under Divine Providence, to advance just in proportion as good men feel the responsibility for it resting on themselves *as individuals*, and are actuated by a bold sentiment of independence (humble at the same time in reference to the necessity of celestial agency) in the prosecution of it." But when only *two* such minds meet in harmony, if a *third* should join them, what may not be expected? Let them not inquire for a *fourth*. Already they are a *sacred* number, within the express intimation of the Divine presence and co-operation,—Matt. xviii. 19, 20. Instead of running to the principle of "centralization," which in our day has been carried

much too far, one such small circle of energetic men in *each* of our Cities which has frequent or daily intercourse with foreign lands, would evidently meet the mind of our blessed Mediator, and ensure the Divine favour; for the mainspring of all our mechanism is in the hands of the invisible Spirit.\* The expedient or grand manœuvre of Napoleon consisted in the concentration of great numbers on a single point, and these might serve *his* purpose, and secure many a victory; but the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy, is not of this world, and must be conducted on other principles. Even in the steady promotion of literature and science this has occasionally been perceived. In the origin of the Asiatic Society of Bengal—"In order to insure success and permanence," said Sir William Jones, "we must keep a middle course between a languid remissness and an *over* zealous activity, and the tree will produce fairer blossoms and more exquisite fruit if it be not *at first* exposed to too great a glare of *sunshine*." Many institutions now wither because they perpetually expose themselves to *sunshine*. What they, and we, or society at large, need, is rain, the rain from above. Now, in such circles as are here advised, it would be a great advantage that they at once exclude almost all *rules*, and certainly what are vulgarly styled *motions*, that is, signals for debate, for here there will be no debating. With such men prayer and thanksgiving would be all in all. Their very number would continually suggest the necessity for the Messiah's presence, and these are the circles where they will comprehend the meaning of God himself by the prophet of old—"Ask ye of the Lord *rain*, in the *time* of the *latter rain*."

In such a mode of action, also, perhaps it is none of the least recommendations, that the last thing of which one should hear any notice is *money*, if, indeed, it were ever mentioned. These men would undertake no more than they were able to accomplish. They might perhaps accept, but never, on any account, would they *solicit* pecuniary aid from any one, and

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\* Besides London, there is Manchester and Birmingham, Liverpool and Bristol, Edinburgh and Glasgow, at least. Nay, some inferior place might provoke the whole to action. Of course the greatest accuracy requires to be studied. But let them commence with caution, or begin with single Gospels, as TYNDALE did, and implore similar success, for they are not likely to meet with *similar* opposition. Single Gospels and single Epistles are admirably adapted to the present state of both Europe and Asia. They create a thirst for Divine Revelation.—See pp. 41-43.

the consequence would be, that others, becoming conscious of their own inactivity, would go and do likewise. Men of such minds would first institute inquiry for *themselves*, first interest *themselves* in the particular *foreign* parts to which they have access, and with which they, or their friends, already transact other business. Direct personal inquiry, not what is styled *official*, but individual heart-felt interest in the people of distant destitute lands is what is wanted at home, and once felt, many an echo would be heard in return. In the present state of British society we imperatively require to work *back* into the simplicity of nature, or into its nearest resemblance, *primitive Christianity*, when every man did his duty. Out of a hundred such unostentatious energetic circles not one of them would the Redeemer overlook; in not one would he be found unmindful of his most condescending promise—"There am I, in the midst of them."

We can scarcely refrain, therefore, from indulging the hope that even these pages may fall into the hands of certain steady and generous, intelligent and determined individuals, who will take this great subject and duty into deeper consideration; and willing to proceed, will set one, or more than one, energetic example, on however small a scale. And a few precedents will not be wanting before we have done.

"Not to the many doth the earth  
Owe what she hath of good—  
The many would not stir life's depths,  
And could not, if they would.

It is some individual mind—that moves the common cause,  
To single efforts Britain owes—her knowledge, faith, and laws."

But in the course of action to which we now advise there is that which rises far above "the knowledge, faith, or laws of Britain." Whether with or without our aid, it is that which is destined to be the law of the world. By preparing the Sacred volume at home for foreign and distant eyes, in their vernacular tongues, we should be at once benefiting our own country and saving others afar off. This would place our native land on a far higher pinnacle, though this, indeed, is of inferior moment, but in a different point of view than she has ever yet exhibited. Think of its effects at home. Being a foreign enterprise, and having no connexion with our native soil, so much the better. In our present condition, as a nation, we

stand in great need of things bearing this character. In such a course of action, the exclusiveness of feeling and narrowness of sympathy, still far too prevalent, tending to isolate and indurate the feelings, and contract the heart within the narrow circle of a party, if not put to shame, would be left to wither and die in the corner of its first growth. Besides every thing of such a *purely disinterested* character cannot fail to affect powerfully and stimulate other minds. At all events, of no *other* nation, at the present eventful period, can it so be said—“The world is all before it where to choose;” and in this path of action there is not now, nor ever will be, any monopoly. From a hundred points in Britain, the Scriptures might thus go out through all the earth, and their *words* to the end of the world. Let her strive to be the *Pharos* of the Earth.

And is this, then, a time to slumber or sleep? Or can any man now inquire what is left for British Christians to do? To do? when the broad surface of Europe has been almost miraculously opened up before our eyes, and opened too so suddenly, to the reception of the Word of God—no man being able to see when, or how soon, it may be shut again? If the idol of human dominion has been smitten at its base shall we not strive to introduce the language of Divine authority? Left for us to do? when even the remnant of Christians on the Continent itself are up, and doing what they can, to meet the expressed *desire* after the Scriptures, not only in France and Germany, but in Austria and Italy, if not in Hungary itself? Left to do? when one edition of the Italian Bible has been laid down at Florence, which, though interrupted for a time, will only help forward the cause? When an edition of Diodati’s Italian Bible is at the press even in Rome, and the Epistle to the *Romans* in Italian is at present printing close by the Vatican itself? When Societies in *that* country have begun by remittances to *this*, and where by one Depositary alone, it has been stated, that five hundred copies of the Scriptures, every *three* months, is not more than the *desire* at present in the Roman States demand? When even from *Sicily*, that distracted island, the other day, two orders came for more than a thousand Bibles for sale or circulation?

What is left for British Christians to do, after spending four millions sterling on their own Bible, when America, the



eldest daughter of Britain, is already come up to the rescue? When thirty thousand New Testaments are now printing on the Continent for *Germany*, at the instance of American Christians? When recently, to the *French* and Foreign Bible Institution they have voted not less than two thousand pounds? Nay, and the Bible in Italian, carefully translated from the original, is reported to be printing in America for all *Italy*?

How much, O, how much of blood and treasure, has Britain spent, from age to age, on that neighbouring Continent, and spent in vain! long before America could spend one farthing. It is now more than three hundred years since her wisest and best adviser, her moral conqueror, the translator of her own Bible, warned this country as to the fruitlessness of her policy—a warning singularly appropriate even at the present hour. “*We having nothing to do at all, have meddled yet in all matters, and have spent for our prelates causes more than all Christendom, even to the utter beggaring of ourselves; and have gotten nothing but rebuke, and shame, and hate, among all nations, and a mock and a scorn thereto, of them whom we have most holpen.*” For the Frenchmen (as the saying is) of late days (*anno* 1530) made a play, or disguising, at Paris, in which the Emperor danced with the Pope and the French King, and wearied them, the King of England sitting on a high bench and looking on. And when it was asked why *he* danced not, it was answered, that he sat there but to pay the minstrels their wages only! As if one should say—we paid for all men’s dancing!” Now, however, since Providence has intimated that Old England must bid farewell to her long cherished, or wild and expensive, dream, not to say bloody idol of the imagination—“the balance of power” in this western hemisphere—now that all these nations are laid prostrate, and the great usurper of their liberties himself is in exile, shall we be the last to speak of bringing the King of Kings back again to his long lost throne in Europe? What He, the Blessed and the only Potentate, is overturning, we cannot establish, but we can keep aloof from his righteous judgments; and, what is more, amidst all the perplexity, confusion, and misery of war, we may pour into the heart of these bleeding nations “the sovereign balm for every wound, the cordial for every care.”

Yet how extremely narrow is such a field as this, when brought into comparison with our onerous position and im-

mense obligations? What is even all Europe when contrasted with our dominion? For dominion has its *duties* as well as property, and on the European Continent of property we have none, or next to none. While spending these four millions sterling on the Scriptures in our *own* language, we have professed indeed to *feel* our obligation to enlighten the nations more immediately under our sway. And yet the whole that has been meted out to all Asia, to Africa, and North America, does not reach *one-tenth* of that which has been spent upon our native tongue! Except we be given up to infatuation, like the surrounding nations, the state of Europe can never interrupt *us* for years to come in a far larger field of more hopeful prospect. Though the whole of Europe were involved in one general conflagration, in the Eastern world one hundred and fifty or two hundred *millions* of the human species now look to us, most of them our fellow-subjects, who have never had it in their option to trample down and treat the Sacred volume as the people of Europe have done for a thousand years and more. While these nations near us, and near us to our cost, have been for ages drunk with the superstitious worship of canonized Saints and the Virgin, there are millions in the East who have never bowed the knee to any image, and abhor idolatry in every form. Even those nations who have been lately subdued in Western India abjure all reverence for any visible idol. Throughout all the region of "the Five Rivers," whether the devoted followers of Nanuk—the *Seiks*; those who claim affinity with the tribes of Israel—the *Afghans*; or the Mahomedans, throughout the Punjab as well as in other parts, professionally at least, all maintain the truth of one God. And whether we look to Lower or Upper India the cry is still the same. Witness only a mere tithe of the intelligence lately sent home.

"The Punjabees very generally read our books, and they have been seen in a great many places in the country. The age has passed away in Upper India for a scanty portion of God's Word. A desire to know God, and to be saved by him, has been excited, and the distributor needs more than a single Gospel, or similar portion, with which he at first commenced. He longs to have the *Devotional* volume to impress, the *Prophets* to excite attention and promote inquiry, the *Historical* parts of Scripture to inform. The people now call upon

him for specific parts, nay, for the whole Word of God. To leave him *unfurnished* is to disappoint great numbers ! *Whole* days have four of us, for eighteen days together, at one mela or fair, and seven days at another, sat and read, discoursed and pressed Divine truths on the *untiring* attention of the crowds that surrounded us ; and yet the last day was as the first. They would continue to hear, and were anxious to be supplied with still further portions of God's Word."

And if it be so in the Upper Provinces, how is it in Lower India, the land of idols, more than a thousand miles distant from the late seat of war ? Hear another witness : "There was a time, within my remembrance, when Brahmans were very unwilling to receive books, and more shy than the other Hindoos. Now, they are foremost to receive. I have seen six or eight at my window at the same moment, and some days twenty or thirty. One will say, 'I have read such a Gospel, now give me the New Testament ;' or, 'I have read Genesis, now give me the Pentateuch, or give me the Psalms.' Tell our good friends at home, that if they wish to *reap* bountifully, they must *sow* bountifully. Many there are longing for the Scriptures. The books are sought with great avidity—the gospel is heard with much attention. I remember a time when it was difficult to beg away even a New Testament ; now, a hundred might be thankfully received in a few minutes. The time is come for the Lord's house to be built. Eye-witnesses of the state of things say, 'Does not the British flag wave over India ?' As the Apostles could traverse the wide Roman Empire, so can we traverse the wider British Empire in India. Its numerous languages and its teeming population are all accessible to us. We can preach in villages and cities, in streets and markets, with as little annoyance as you can in England. A wide door is opened to us. Wherever we go, we find hearers. The Scriptures have been translated into the languages of India, and the people want them—they *beg* for them ; and is the bread of life to be withheld from perishing multitudes who *beg* for it ? Much light has been diffused ; the morning of a glorious day has dawned on India ; and we are looking for the rising of the sun. The minds of men are undergoing a great change ; opinion and feeling on religious subjects are in a transition state. Who is so blind as not to see these things ? and shall India now be neglected ? Shall

the Church now faint in her labours? Shall the Scriptures now be withheld, or only partially bestowed? O ye *British and American Christians*, are ye not the *soldiers* of the Cross? And will you, after the outworks of this strongest post of Satan have been gained, allow what has been broken down to be rebuilt, or fortified more strongly than before? No! you will not faint; you feel that you cannot give up India. We hear you say—‘*COST WHAT IT MAY, IN MEN AND MONEY, IN PRAYERS AND LABOURS, INDIA MUST BE WON TO CHRIST—THE RIGHTEOUS KING OF NATIONS, AND THE KING OF PEACE. And we reply—‘EVEN SO, AMEN.’*”

Such is the testimony of two veracious witnesses, labouring a thousand miles apart, and two out of many. The first, an East Indian born, an Agent for many years, and esteemed highly by many Europeans, both civil and military; the second, well known to the writer of these lines, who more than *forty-five* years ago left England for India, and yet thus writes and thus labours still!

In few words,—many nations, both in the Eastern and Western world are now “white to the harvest,” so far as awakened desire can whiten them. He who now speaketh to us from heaven is shaking all nations, and in His good time, “the Desire of all Nations shall come.” The unprecedented sudden judgments of the Almighty are mingled with mercy. But both hemispheres, as it were, stretch out their hands to *us*, and, like the man of Macedonia, they alike cry to *this* country—“Come over,” or at least, “send over and help us.”

Why, then, as a commencement, might not myriads of the Sacred Volume, say the New Testament, in *all* the European and in *many* of the Oriental languages already translated, be put to press and printed in *this* country? Here they might easily be printed more expeditiously, cheaply, and correctly than anywhere else. The very confusion and perplexity of other nations suggest this, nay, and seem to call aloud—“Improve the present wonderful season of your exemption and your quiet, by doing this at least.” We have boasted of our prodigious improvement, if not superiority, in the Arts, and especially in printing. Let us then prove it to the world at large, by the correctness and beauty of the Sacred Volume in many tongues. Without congregating multitudes to ap-

plaud us in so doing, it is quite within the power of a hundred intelligent and wealthy British Christians to do this ; and to do it as a *commencement* ; for after all, this would still form but a poor contrast by the side of nearly thirty millions in *our own* language. Deaf to all the endless and often shallow theological controversy around us, or to the blasphemy still, alas ! vomiting forth against the Word of God, let us not be turned aside, or once diverted, from our high and proper calling. No sight could be more grateful and animating, none more truly sublime, than to witness our British workmen in many a spot, if not in every city, so engaged.

Nor are we without *precedents* in this country, as well as Holland, when the Dutch were far from possessing such facilities as we do now ; all alike serving to awaken and urge the course here earnestly recommended. At the head of all, there is our own Scriptures *sent* to us from the Continent, through the zeal only of three or four men ; Tyndale himself, and his friend Rogers, with the first printers, Grafton and Whitchurch. But witness the printing of the *Malayan* Scriptures in *Holland*, so early in the seventeenth century, from 1629 to 1688, when the New Testament entire, by Brower, was printed at *Amsterdam*, and by the Dutch East India Company ; the Gospels in *Persian*, by Wheeloc, printed in *London* in 1657, at the cost of only *one* individual, Sir Thomas Adam, founder of the *Arabic* Lecture ; the Gospels in *Malayan*, printed at *Oxford*, at the expense of the Honourable Robert Boyle, as a single Director of our own East India Company ; the New Testament in *Turkish*, by Seaman, printed at Oxford in 1666, Mr. Boyle offering to pay the expense, and only relinquishing it to gratify the Levant Company ; the New Testament in *Armenian*, printed at *Amsterdam* in 1698, and at the cost of only *one* native Armenian, Goltham, the Archbishop ; the Bible entire in *Malayan*, printed at *Amsterdam*, 1731-3, when two *natives* as well as two ministers were brought home from Batavia to watch it through the press, and all at the charge of the Dutch East India Company. And passing over other instances, there has recently been executed in Edinburgh the *Dutch* Bible, for Southern Africa, by the Queen's late printers ; and the *Persian* version, by Mr. Constable, printer to her Majesty, now distributing in and round Shiraz, where the modest and persevering, the able and most estimable Dr.

GLEN has been lately called to his great reward.\* Besides all this, but few individuals now living are aware that their forefathers in *this* country, both in England and Scotland, were at one time *dependent* upon Holland for their English Bible. Archbishop Laud himself may be relied on as giving a true report, when he testified, on his trial for life, that these *English* Bibles printed in *Holland* were *better* printed, *better* paper, *better* bound, and cheaper than the English Bibles printed in England at the time. The present writer has examined not fewer than *six* distinct editions of our Scriptures, printed at *Amsterdam* in *one* year ! But there were many other editions.

To the course now advised, therefore, all things are ready except the hearts of Christians. Nothing is wanted but the *will*, for the course itself, and to a vastly greater extent, is perfectly practicable ; though to describe the happy consequences is not so easy. It is one thing to send money for printing abroad, which in *many* instances *still*, must be advisable, nay, *imperative* ; and another thing to send the veritable Volume itself. This process at *home* would have its own valuable effect on our English and Scotch printers, as well as greatly tend to stimulate any who either visited them, or beheld their productions. The very peasant in England also might then be pointed to *them*, as rather better accounting for our superior *tranquillity* to other Nations than the church *spires*, to which we have been recently informed in London, one had so stupidly ascribed it ! And as for *foreign* nations, this course would not fail to be appreciated among many of them. It would carry with it the evidence both of more earnest desire and of disinterested love, on the part of British Christians, and might so far induce the nations to beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, or study war no more. At all events, for conveying what have been called “peace principles,” there is nothing to be compared with the Sacred Volume, without note and comment. Besides, such a course could scarcely fail to convey several valuable ideas to other nations—that we have done with

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\* His son, however, survives, to carry on the distribution in other parts. Thus, through the Old Testament by Dr. Glen, and the New of Henry Martyn and Sabat, carefully corrected by him, is Scotland now bearing on the cities of Persia. And why may not Britain, in different cities, do the same on many, many other lands ?

the presumption of imagining that within this little Island we have discovered the precise "form of godliness" which is one day to prevail in all its *power* throughout the wide earth—that we have done with the low and feeble ground of merely *protesting* against error, in whatever shape—and that, in distinction from many who have long "talked so exceeding proudly," we *impose* nothing. But that having unlimited confidence in Scripture, we simply present "*the Divine and perfect rule of faith and practice*," so that whatever remaining darkness or inconsistency may be found in *us*, they will find none in *it*. The Volume will speak for itself. And it will be our delightful privilege to invoke the Divine author and interpreter, who is ever near, and wherever his Word is sent.

Finally, and now in view of all the circumstances by which our beloved country has been so distinguished, there is not one feature by which Britain should so strive to be known as this—that *though not able to speak, her Christians are yet willing, nay eager, to print for foreign nations, and as far as they are able, "TO EVERY ONE IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, WHEREIN THEY WERE BORN, THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD."* In reference to the European tongues, a circumstance has recently occurred which strongly urges the importance of foreign Scriptures being printed in *this country*. It is this—"That while all the Scriptures that were printing at Florence have been seized, at the instance, *not* of the civil authority, but of the uniform and ancient enemy, the Italian Bibles printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, though lying side by side with the others, have not been touched!"

Our remittances in money to foreign lands, for the printing of the Scriptures there, which will still in numerous instances be imperative, and leave more to do than Bible Societies have ever yet accomplished, would then arrive abroad with *double* effect. The rivalry between volumes of home and foreign produce would promote far more scrupulous care as to the rigid simplicity and idiomatic purity of the Sacred Text; and this laudable emulation would greatly serve to quicken the zeal and sensibility of all who regard the Word of God as the rule of life.

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But we have done. One thing, however, is as certain as that God rules the world, and that is, that He will rule the

nations by his Word—that it, and it *alone*, shall be “the light to their feet,” explaining the ground on which they stand in relation to Himself and to each other; and “the lamp to their paths,”—the path in which all must walk, and ultimately will. Every idol is to be destroyed. The prevalence of *man* worship is to come to an end, and the knowledge of the Lord is to cover the earth as the waters do the sea. But for this glorious consummation, the Almighty has pledged Himself to no other volume save *one*, even his own inspired Word. No other is fundamental to the weal or wo of mankind. No other is essential to all the purposes of genuine love and friendship, peace and unity. *One* Book, and so *one* people. The nations some time longer may rage and strive, speculate and dogmatize; the kings of the earth may set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against Jehovah; but to this Sacred and Inspired Volume the wandering family of mankind must at last return as to “the Sabbath and port of all men’s labours and peregrinations.” In a higher sense than has ever been felt or acknowledged, the day must and will come when “there shall be one Lord over all the earth, and his name one.”

Should our rulers and statesmen still shut their ears to the supreme authority of Divine Revelation, and close their eyes to the marked footsteps of Divine Providence, they and their country must abide the consequences; though there is no sight more agonizing than that of a favoured Nation not knowing the *time* of her visitation. That time has its *limits*, and it was upon the approach of these that, from Mount Olivet, the very sight of the capital of Judea drew tears from the eyes even of our Incarnate Mediator. And on the spot where those tears were shed the Romans first encamped, when they came to its final overthrow. But our situation is even more peculiar. We have enjoyed and abused greater mercies than Israel of old. There is nothing throughout all time with which to compare our country, in its present position—its present obligations—or its present opportunities.

With a *dominion* extended “far as the sea-fowl in a year can fly,” far beyond all the empires of antiquity—a *preservation* that has frequently called for wonder; preservation from civil war and bloodshed within our borders; first through all the horrors of a French Revolution, and now through



those of a European one, not yet fully exploded ;—above all, with a possession of *Divine Revelation*, immeasurably beyond that which any nation ever enjoyed ;—intelligence from afar daily pouring into our country as to the deplorable state of the world, and no other kingdom possessing such frequent, easy and swift access to all parts of the earth ! The mind becomes almost giddy in the contemplation of our present position as a people, and language fails to depict the greatness of our responsibility. But though language fails, the present crowning mercy for British Christians is this, that the path of action and duty is abundantly plain, and it were in vain to wish to escape from the condition of our place in the universe of God. Meanwhile, everything as to our beloved country appears absolutely to hang upon *the use or the abuse of Divine Revelation* ; and the momentous consideration presented is this, that all these indescribable benefits, with which God has loaded this nation, it is as easy for Him that gave them to take away, as it is for us to “ remove a candlestick out of its place.” Under this figure, He has himself warned His people long ago.

“ Those who are intent on the schemes for enlightening mankind, are entertaining a confident hope of the approach of a period when the success will be far greater in proportion to the measure of exertion, in every department of the system of instrumentality for that grand object. We cherish this confidence, not on the strength of any pretension to be able to resolve prophetic emblems and numbers into precise dates and events of the present and approaching times. We rest it on a much more general mode of combining the *very extraordinary* indications of the period we live in, with the substantial purport of the Divine predictions. There unquestionably gleams forth, through the plainer lines and through the mystical imagery of prophecy, the vision of a better age, in which the application of Divine truth to men’s minds will be irresistible. And what should more naturally be interpreted as one of the dawning signs of its approach, than a greater and wider movement, in humble dependence upon God, at once to clear their intellects, and bring the heavenly light to shine close upon them ?” Only let the voice of Jehovah himself be heard—for by this voice will He as certainly enlighten the world as that He now governs it.

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## APPENDIX.

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### JOHN ROGERS, THE PROTO-MARTYR OF 1555.

WE have promised an Appendix relating to John Rogers, and more particularly because some hesitation has been expressed as to his native county and birthplace, as given in the "Annals of the English Bible." Fuller the historian, a fascinating writer, though frequently more distinguished for his wit than his accuracy, having loosely ranked the Martyr among the "Worthies of Lancashire," has as loosely been followed by some other writers; and thus so far the merits of a man have been buried in oblivion, who, now that he is better known, will be more highly venerated, and especially by the inhabitants of his native place and county.\*

In this instance, the Father is to be distinctly traced through one of his sons, who, wearing a civil character and no inferior place in the reign of Elizabeth, serves to fix the lineage and birthplace of his martyred parent. Old John Foxe, in his veritable and affecting account of that martyrdom, is the first who connects this son with his father. "After his death," says he, "his wife, and one of her sons called *Daniel*, coming into the place where he had lain, to seek for his books and writings, and now ready to go away, it chanced her son aforementioned, casting his eye aside, to spy a black thing lying in a blind corner under a pair of stairs, who found it to be the book, written with his own hand, containing these his examinations and answers." To this youth, and future Ambassador, we stand indebted for the outrageous proceedings under the illegal imprisonment and mock trial of his illustrious father.

The industrious Strype is our next witness as to this family. When he published his *Life of Whitgift* in 1718, he only conjectured as follows—"Mr. Daniel Rogers, a learned and well-deserving man, son, if I mistake not, to John Rogers, the first martyr under Queen Mary," &c. But ten years later, or in 1728, having had abundance of manuscript materials in his possession, he speaks with positive certainty. The fact was, that Daniel Rogers, well known in the Court of Elizabeth, quite a master of several languages, both ancient and modern, having been employed first as an under Secretary, and then as an Envoy to the Continent from 1575 to 1588, was in frequent and confidential correspondence with Cecil Lord Burleigh. All the Burleighian and other

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\* Fuller died in August 1651; his "Worthies of England" being a posthumous work, published not till 1662, stood in great need of thorough revision, as it does still. So ill informed was he respecting this Bible of 1537, as to imagine, a century after its publication, that it had never been printed, but remained a *manuscript* in the King's Library! Nay more, he supposes that some years after Tyndale, Rogers by himself had translated from Genesis to Revelation, comparing it with the original! And finally, with no other reliance than the very questionable authority of John Bale in his "*Scriptoribus Britannicis*," he took for granted that Rogers was born in Lancashire. Bale, who states neither place nor parentage, is therefore no guide. As for Fuller's posthumous work, it remained for Strype to point out many other errors, as well as in his *Church History*; and even now, it is not to be wondered at, that Strype himself would be still more valuable by revision.

manuscripts then and still in the British Museum, had been ransacked by Strype. In his *Annals*, therefore, having occasion to mention the name of D. Rogers again, he adds—"This Daniel Rogers was the more remarkable, being the son of John Rogers, prebendary and reader of Divinity in St. Paul's, London, and the protomartyr in Queen Mary's cruel reign. He studied at Wittenberg, and was a scholar under Melancthon, as he mentions in one of his letters; and understanding the German, Dutch, and other languages, was secretary to an Ambassador divers years." Thus far then we are led to infer that this son must have been born abroad, and educated there in part, as he was afterwards more fully at home. His father, indeed, when under examination, testified that he had been married in Germany, and brought his wife and children with him to London.

Now above forty years before Strype's volume appeared, a Continental writer, Paul Freher, the member of a learned family, and a physician at Nurenberg, who died in 1682, had left behind him a useful and laborious work—"Theatrum Virorum eruditione clarorum." It was prepared for the press by his nephew, and published at Nurenberg in 1688, with many hundred portraits, among which there is one of our John Rogers. The martyr is there recorded as having come from England to Antwerp, where Tyndale then resided. By familiar conversation with him, the views of Rogers as to Christianity had been entirely changed. There, too, according to the same authority, Rogers was married in 1536, and, as it will appear presently, to a native of Weyden, a village near Aix-la-Chapelle. She proved to be the mother of his numerous family, eight born on the Continent, and three after the return of the parents to England. But above all, here it was that the ardent friendship was formed with Tyndale, which led to the *printing, and finishing, and notable introduction of our folio English Bible in 1537.*

Rogers, however, still remained abroad, ministering in their native tongue to a congregation in Germany, until Henry VIII. was gone. But no sooner had Edward VI. ascended the throne—a monarch to whom the town of *Birmingham* in particular was soon after placed under lasting obligations, by the erection of her Free School, than Rogers returned to London with his German wife and family. Thus as early as 1548, we find him publishing the translation of a tract by Melancthon, the early tutor of his son. He was first admitted as Rector of St. Margaret Moyses; and in April 1550, Nicholas Ridley having been transferred from the see of Rochester to that of London, Rogers, on the 10th of next month, became Vicar of St. Sepulchre. On the 24th of August, having resigned his first appointment, Rogers had the Pancras Prebend of St. Paul conferred on him, and by the Dean and Chapter he was chosen to read the Divinity Lecture. The fact was, that Ridley and Rogers had both been educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and both were consigned to the flames the same year! Rogers on the 4th of February in London, and Ridley, with Latimer, at Oxford, on the 16th of October. Hence, among the touching "Farewells" of Ridley before death, we find the following—"Oh London, London! to whom now may I speak in thee, or whom shall I bid farewell? Shall I speak to the *Prebendaries* of Paul's? Alas! *all that loved God's Word*, and were true *setters forth* thereof, are now, I hear say, some *burnt and slain*, some

exiled and banished, and some holden in hard prisons, and appointed daily to be put to most cruel death, for Christ's Gospel sake. As for the rest of them, I know they could never brook me well, nor could I ever delight in them."

The mind thus carried back to these hallowed associations of the past, the place where Rogers first drew breath, the spot where he must have spent his earliest years, becomes of special interest.

In his Biographical Dictionary, Chalmers, without being aware of the whole truth, has given a statement as to the Son of our Martyr in these words—"Daniel Rogers, a man of considerable ability in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and who in some of his writings calls himself *Albimontanus*, was the son of John Rogers of Deritend, in the parish of Aston in Warwickshire." And so had said long before his day a better and far higher authority, Bishop Tanner, in his *Bibliotheca*; but when Chalmers adds, "where he (Daniel) was born about 1540," there is a mistake both as to the year and the place of his birth.

The Martyr, when under examination before Stephen Gardiner, as Lord Chancellor, in 1555, had his wife and children waiting the result; the mother having many times implored in vain one sight of her husband, and he as earnestly to the last pleaded for one interview with his wife. "She hath ten children," said he, "that are hers and mine; and somewhat I would counsel her, what were best for her to do." But both parties were most barbarously denied even this final gratification! Now Rogers himself informs us that it was then *twenty* years since his eyes had been opened to Divine truth at Antwerp, and *then*, he says, he had left the Church of Rome. This then must have been early in 1535. Freher has dated his marriage in 1536, (which Rogers corroborates before Gardiner,) and then his place of abode at Wittenberg. We have his son's authority that "he studied at Wittenberg, and was a scholar under Philip Melancthon," and the father not having set his foot in England till the reign of Edward VI., explains the reason for Daniel adding *Albimontanus* to his name. For whatever place was meant by this term, it points, no doubt, to his birthplace on the Continent.

And as for this son, after witnessing the awful but heroic death of his father in Smithfield, and rescuing from oblivion the papers left in his cell, he still remained in this country, or had gone but for a season to Germany again; since he afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he took the degrees of A.B. and A.M. in the same year, or 1561. His learning and skill in languages recommended him to public notice; but though employed many years as a civilian, he has left sufficient evidence of his being a son *worthy* of such a father, and of a congenial spirit. Cultivating the Muses, he maintained no inferior place as a Latin poet, and discovered his warm interest in the men of greatest minds and deepest theology in the sixteenth century.\*

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\* Thus, in one of his Latin odes, being a man of rich acquirements, equally conversant with the Continent and his Father's land, we find him celebrating in one group—"Calvin of France—Melancthon (his first tutor) Luther and Bucer of Germany—Zuinglius and Bullinger of Switzerland—a Lasco of Poland—Huss of Bohemia—Hemlingius of Denmark—Knox of Scotland—Valdeso of Spain—Hyperius of Flanders—and last in particular, Jewell of England." His attached friends abroad and at home were among the most eminent men of their day. Abroad, besides ORTELIIUS, the Ptolemy of Antwerp, there was a fellow-student, and afterwards his most intimate

Although, therefore, there have remained some minor mistakes in the account given of Daniel Rogers, there is left no question now that the birthplace and lineage of our illustrious martyr JOHN ROGERS, his father and family, are given with precision and accuracy by one of our best antiquarian writers, when he, in one place, states as follows :—" *Daniel Rogers, a most accomplished gentleman of his time, who puts in some of his writings the addition of Albimontanus to his name, was the SON of John Rogers, by his wife Adriana Pratt alias de Weyden, SON of John Rogers of Deritend, in the parish of Aston, Warwickshire.*" It is very possible that some deeper research into the Museum Manuscripts might afford more particulars, though Anthony Wood is never so pointed, without positive proof. But there is to be added to this, the evidence of Strype, which is no less distinct, and this is confirmed by the reference of Dr. Bliss, in the best edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i., pp. 571, 572.

The proceedings against Rogers formed altogether a *scene*, which, though at the distance of nearly three hundred years, must not be passed over. At the moment, and within a few days after, a far deeper impression was produced than has ever been pointed out in our general histories. His examinations, which but for young Daniel would never have seen the light, mingled as they were with such vulgar and tumultuous brow-beating by his cruel judges, placed the Lord Chancellor of the day, the noted STEPHEN GARDINER of Winchester, in one of the most awkward and humiliating positions he ever occupied in the course of his varied life ; they agitated, even to serious apprehension, both PHILIP and MARY, the King and Queen ; nay, on the evening of the day of martyrdom, they extorted from an enemy, NOAILLE, the celebrated French Ambassador at the Court of London, one of the most singular confessions, contained in his letter to France of that very evening. "This day," said he, "was performed the *confirmation* of the alliance between the Pope and this kingdom, by a public and solemn *sacrifice* of a preaching doctor, named ROGERUS, who has been burnt alive for being a Lutheran," (the cant phrase of the day,) "but he died *persisting in his opinion*. At this conduct the *greatest* part of the people took such pleasure, that they were not afraid to make him many acclamations to strengthen his courage. Even his *children* assisted, comforting him in such a manner that it seemed as if he had been led to a wedding."\* "No words," says Sharon Turner, "can be more emphatic of the nature and effect of these vile deeds. It was in his opinion 'un sacrifice' done for 'la confirmation d'alliance' with the Pope, and the spectators huzza'd the sufferer."

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friend, JAMES DOUSA, the first curator of Leyden University in 1575. This prodigy of learning frequently addresses Daniel Rogers in his Latin Poems, and dedicates one to him. At home, Rogers, the special and very intimate friend of CAMDEN the historian, was equally so of the celebrated GEORGE BUCHANAN in Scotland. In short, the Latin poems of Daniel Rogers are numerous. Three of them may be found in Ortelius' "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum," 1579. Nine in Latin and one in Greek were published in Humphrey's "Vita Joannis Juelli." Dr. Bliss says that six of these are by Rogers. During his embassies, various letters from and instructions to Rogers are in the Cotton, Harleian, and other manuscripts in the British Museum. For his letter to Ortelius, of 15th February 1570, see the Harleian MSS. No. 6990.

\* See this Letter, dated 4th February 1555, in the "Ambassades de Messieurs de Noaille en Angleterre," vol. iv. p. 173.

On the way to Smithfield, Rogers was repeating the 51st Psalm, when he was met by his entire family, including his wife, who had so often implored to see him, with the youngest infant in her arms, now the eleventh child, and whom the father had never beheld! On this excruciating day, Daniel Rogers, the eldest son, must have been approaching to seventeen, and, next to his mother, most capable of agony at the entire catastrophe. Throughout the whole history of these monstrous times this is the only instance of Parents and Children, Father and Son, standing before posterity in a posture so exalted as in favour of Divine truth.

All being now over, still the examinations of Rogers, so far as they were *heard* by the crowded court on the 28th of January, remained then to work their own powerful effects. The year 1555 was destined for persecution, and on the 1st of January the Government had commenced in good earnest. On the 22d, Rogers was examined before Stephen Gardiner and others, as the *Queen's* Commissioners. Towards Rogers, Gardiner had already behaved with peculiar harshness and cruelty, getting him conveyed from the confinement at his own house, to Newgate, and there suffering him to remain among thieves and murderers, to whom, however, he was of use. He seems to have owed Rogers a grudge for eighteen years, for the Bible introduced into England in 1537, when Gardiner was happily in France, and he had now *illegally* imprisoned him for eighteen months. With this illegality Rogers boldly charged him in Court. But on the day after the first examination, CARDINAL POLE, lately come into England, gave *his* blessing and *ADVICE* to the Bishops; and as Rogers was to enjoy the honour of being the "first sacrifice in confirmation of the alliance," on the 28th he was called before Gardiner, Tunstal, and others, as a commission from HIM! Gardiner, who cherished no mean opinion of his own sagacity and cunning, thought himself perfectly competent to manage the opening of persecution and to overwhelm the strongest mind. Full of this idea, he had commenced with Rogers. As soon as he entered on the 28th, nothing daunted, he observed the *change* on the Court of Examination. "There was a great sort of *new men*, Gardiner's fellow-bishops, whom I knew not," Rogers having been immured in Newgate the whole of 1554! Gardiner, in his wrath, soon forgot himself so far as to style King EDWARD an *usurper*, a term which he then tried clumsily to recall; but another expression as to his reigning Queen, MARY, turned out to be vastly more awkward for him, and all his order on the bench. Rogers had intimated his persuasion that *her Majesty would have done well enough but for HIS, Gardiner's counsel*, when, in reference to the persecution now commenced, Gardiner replied—"The QUEEN went before ME, and it was her own motion!" Rogers immediately answered him—"Without fail, I neither can, nor will ever, believe it!" Bishop Aldrich of Carlisle, in name of himself and his brethren, instantly said—"they would bear Gardiner witness." Yea, replied Rogers, *that I believe well*, on which the laugh went round among the crowded court! Upon this, Southwell, the Comptroller of the Royal Household, and Bourne, principal Secretary of State, stood up to confirm the Chancellor's assertion! Never had men so committed themselves, and at such a crisis! Rogers, however, coolly said—"It was no great matter; *but I think that they,*

*the Bishops, were good helpers therein to themselves.*" Such a dialogue, easily carried away, and before such a crowd, "for the thousandth man could not get in," was felt by all these gentlemen, in the cool of the day, to be no light matter. If the Chancellor's distinct assertion were true, they had betrayed a State secret! Accordingly, next day, when Rogers was condemned, it was with *closed doors*. But the serious colloquy on the 28th, now repeated throughout London, in which the Queen was so exposed to view by her own Ministers; followed as it was by the martyrdom of Rogers on Monday the 4th of February, already described, that of Saunders at Coventry on Friday, of Hooper at Gloucester, and Tallow at Hadley on Saturday, was followed the very next day, Sabbath the 10th, by a most singular scene. Her Majesty *would* be married to a Spanish Prince, on whom she doated, but Philip, the King himself, was now in serious alarm. The people had been foretold that *he* would introduce the Inquisition, and after this report as to the Queen, what was the miserable artifice he adopted! Next day, the 10th, there was to be a sermon, a great rarity in those days; but what was to be the subject, especially as it was to be preached at Court, and before Philip? Was it to sanction or approve of the flaming zeal of Gardiner, Tunstal, and their brethren? Quite the *reverse*. Philip had brought with him ALPHONSO DI CASTRO, a Spanish divine, and himself an author against *heretics*, and he was the preacher, but in what strain? He enlarged on the *sin* of taking away the *lives* of any for their religion! reprobated the practice of *burning* men on account of their opinions! and affirmed that the Bishops would search the *Scriptures* in vain for authority to spill the blood of their flocks! The *Scriptures*, he insisted, taught Bishops, in the spirit of meekness, to instruct those who opposed them, not to *burn* them for their conscientious opinions!

As an exhibition, the very next Lord's-day after the martyrdom of Rogers, nothing could exceed this. A *Spanish* priest, upon *English* ground, preaching before the Court, and against *all* the bishops of England then in power. Arraigning, nay, denouncing them in public, for having embrued their hands in blood! While there sat Philip, to sanction the sermon, not without some fear for his own personal safety, and, like Pilate of old, he would seem "to take water and wash his hands before the multitude," saying, "I am innocent of the blood of these just men." But then where was Gardiner, and where all his brethren? Were none of them present? We presume not one; nor was there any apology for absence. But certainly the exulting Lord Chancellor had little imagined that *the Editor of Tyndale's Bible* would live to come to England, and lead *him*, in the last year of his life, so to expose the Bench and the Court at one stroke! Still less could he have supposed that the same man would so hit the mark as to cause him eventually to shrink behind the curtain, or retire from playing at the game of persecution ever after! In fact, he never afterwards took his seat on the bench. "*Whether it was,*" says Lingard, "*that Gardiner disapproved of the measure, or that he was called away by more important duties!*" The latter alternative is strangely put, as if the former had *been* a duty. But this will not serve the purpose of history. "Gardiner," says Soame, "*having kindled the fires of persecution, left to others the hateful office of supplying them with victims.*" But why, at *this* period, leave an

office in which he had so abounded? The circumstances now detailed alone account for his retirement and the change of tactics. After the sermon there was a dead pause for a season—the execution of other already condemned prisoners was suspended, and it was at this precise crisis that MYLES COVERDALE was *released* and sent out of the country. Rogers, in effect, had proved more powerful than even the King of Denmark, who had long requested Coverdale's release.

It remains only to be stated, as a curious circumstance, that *nothing* was brought forward relating to the Bible of 1537 or its introduction. Gardiner, however, took care, in his sentence of condemnation, to brand Rogers not less than three times with an *alias*, as John Rogers *alias* Matthew. And yet, during the whole course of this reign, under Philip and Mary, though certain books, as well as many victims, were committed to the flames, there was not a single proclamation issued against the Sacred volume by *name*, though by the time of Mary's accession there had passed through the press above seventy editions of the New Testament and twenty-nine of the Bible entire! \* Many of these had been secreted in the most wonderfully different ways, and they came forth into the light again under the next reign. Indeed, these five years were not lost. The New Testament was now revising by another exile *abroad*, and the Bible entire was printing at Geneva, for better days, soon to come.

Even at the opening of these barbarous proceedings, many in the nation had stood amazed at the shocking destruction of such men. The Lord Chancellor, a man of base intrigue all his days, who had seven abominations in his heart, and therefore the mainspring of all this cruelty, had found John Rogers a proto-martyr in more senses than one. Gardiner died the same year. They might bury him with great pomp, employ the inhuman Bonner to sing his requiem, and afterwards carry him to Winchester, where they still show his tomb. Ten months before his unhappy death, he had taken advantage of his position as Lord Chancellor to descend to the vilest scurrility against Rogers and his most virtuous Wife. But O what a contrast have *three* centuries since exhibited to view! Not only in the Martyr himself, but in that fine family who had been so treated, on a day never afterwards to be forgotten in England, far less in America. It would require a volume to explain. The Mother, however, and about to become a Widow, stood there, with the infant in her arms, but at the head of such a group of children, that there are few, very few, to compare with them. The rich blessing of "the King of martyrs" himself then began to descend upon them, and it has continued to do so upon their posterity down to the present hour! Of Daniel we have already given some account, but could we here speak more fully of the rest of these children, what a proof would they exhibit of that moral power which is peculiar to the "Domestic Constitution," and what a contrast to "the ivy tree" of which Tyndale spake, as destroying alike the *family* and the *church*. However, at least two younger

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\* A fact rendered still more remarkable by the "Question to be moved in the High Court of Parliament" by John Standish, D.D., urging that *all the Scriptures in English* should be at once destroyed! of which the *second* edition was finished at press on Friday of the awful week above described. "Imprinted at London by Robert Caley, viii. Feb. 1555," *peries me*.



brothers of Daniel stood there, both of whom became afterwards eminent ministers of that Word in England for which their father died. One of these is understood to have been Richard Rogers of Wethersfield in Essex, as his daughter, generally stated as the "granddaughter of the martyr," was married to William Jenkyn, A.M., the Expositor of Jude, &c. But, besides, Richard had two sons, also in the ministry, one of whom, Ezekiel, went to America in 1638, and he had been preceded in 1636 by Nathaniel Rogers, (the second son of John Rogers of Dedham, and the nephew of Wethersfield,) of whom Cotton Mather has said that he was "one of the greatest men and one of the best ministers that had then set his foot on the American shore." And with regard to Ezekiel just mentioned, the grandson of the martyr, America has had abundant cause to cherish his memory. His library he left to one, which is now about the largest in the United States, that of Harvard College—his house and lands to the town of Rowley, for the support of the ministry; and in the close of his varied and afflicted life there were some expressions quite characteristic of the prospect of meeting his grandfather. "I thank God," said he, in writing to a friend, "I am near home; and you too are not far off. Oh! the weight of glory that is ready waiting for us, God's poor *exiles*. We shall sit next to the *martyrs and confessors*. Cheer up your spirits with these thoughts; and let us be zealous for God and for Christ, and make a good conclusion." And this conclusion he made at the age of seventy, on the 23d January 1660, arriving among all the martyrs, one hundred and five years after the exit of his grandfather.

Among the descendants still remaining in England we cannot omit one of them in the ministry, now alive, who has lately told us that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, had all kept the 4th of February in devout memorial of their Ancestor's glorious martyrdom! But for farther information we must refer to a recent publication—"A Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Long of Clapham Park, daughter of the Rev. John Rogers. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1848." And as to AMERICA in particular, we select the following evidence, since it forms such an appropriate conclusion of this brief sketch. It is from the Exposition of Isaiah, lately published by the laborious and well known ALBERT BARNES of Philadelphia. In expounding the conclusion of the 59th Chapter he gives this singular illustrative testimony—"I am acquainted with the descendants of JOHN ROGERS, the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign, of the tenth and eleventh generations! With a single exception the eldest son in the family has been a minister of the Gospel, some of them eminently distinguished for learning and piety; and there are few families now in this land a greater proportion of whom are pious than of that family." How striking is this testimony! Yet, coming to us from beyond the Atlantic, how humiliating! In his Native land, the man and his memory have been consigned by the multitude to the "land of forgetfulness,"—the Redeemer whom he served, and in whose service he nobly died, even down to the eleventh generation, has been raising up for him *living memorials*, not only at home, but more eminently beyond seas!

If we have been successful, therefore, in fixing the locality of his earliest years, the Christian community in Birmingham may now, perhaps, take a warmer interest in the memory of JOHN ROGERS. To that

community at large any Memorial may be safely left ; but independently of every thing else there is one which would *tell* more powerfully at a distance from the place of his birth than even any other of their far-famed productions. By the genius and enterprise of a single individual, a man who trusted nothing to others, a native of Wolverton, in the same county, Birmingham once stood very high in the art of printing, nay, and of printing the Bible ; for though this was seventy years ago, the memory of Baskerville is not forgotten. His typography united the elegance of Plantin with the clearness of the Elzevirs. His English folio Bible of 1763, the most beautiful of his day, cost him first a considerable *premium* to the University of Cambridge, even for *permission* to print it ; though after his death, part of his types, at least ultimately, went to print the works of Voltaire in France, and in nearly seventy volumes ! But now there is a far wider field open to English enterprise, where, happily, no *permission* needs to be either asked or granted ; and if zeal for the Sacred Volume has begun to show itself in the vicinity of *Voltaire's* grave, why should it not in that of poor *Baskerville's* ? The weapons of war from this enterprising, populous, and spirited town, are famous, not only over America, but over the far East. But if OXFORD has been busy with the antidote to all *error* in our own tongue, why may not BIRMINGHAM be as much so in furnishing the sovereign antidote to all the confusion and gloom, the bondage and misery of *Superstition*, among the Nations near at hand, as well as to the horrors of *War* afar off ?

At all events, let us not linger behind the state of the moral world and its demands. It is not in Oxford, Birmingham, or London alone, but in all our cities there are Christian men who know well that, as an efficacious remedy, there is nothing to be compared with the Word of God, in the dialect of the belligerents, whether physical or moral. At such a crisis as this, the poet who strung his lyre to the highest pitch in praise of Divine Truth would not have objected to the application of his own words.—

“ Spread it then,  
And let it circulate through every vein  
Of our vast empire ! that where Britain's power  
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.  
Sure there is need of social intercourse,  
Benevolence and peace and mutual aid  
Between the nations, in a world that seems  
To toll the death bell of its own decease,  
And by the voice of all its elements  
To preach the general doom—— ”

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#### FROM SPAIN.

*Translation of a passage in the Appendix to a recent reprint, in Spanish, and in Spain itself, of CARRASCON, a very scarce work of one of the Spanish Reformers of the SIXTEENTH Century.*—"It is impossible, as TYNDALE said, to imbue the minds of the common people, effectually, with a single truth of the Bible, *unless the Bible itself is put into their hands in the vulgar and native language*, so that they may see the connexion and inference on which the text proceeds, and the relative meaning that connects all its parts. And this view is very opportunely corroborated by CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON, in his *Annals of the English Bible*, where he shows it to be an *historical axiom* of the highest importance, proved by the experience of more than three hundred years, that the publication of the *Sacred Text, without Note or any Comment*, is not only the most effectual mode of procedure against its opponents, but what is most expressly sanctioned by time and experience, since thus it has been circulated with a measure of success beyond all expectation. And the same author presents with great force the contrast—a contrast *very mournful and bitter to us*—of

#### *The Bible in Spain and the Bible in England!*

It is certainly true that both these nations possess two languages on which the sun never sets; but how differently employed! In English, the sounds of the words of the Bible cease not to be heard in every region of the earth! but in Spanish!! And what is the effect produced by such a contrast in both countries, and in those that have been, or now are, their colonies! ENGLAND OWES ALL THE DIFFERENCE TO HER APPRECIATION OF THE SCRIPTURES. *And our beloved Spain owes all her misery and misfortunes to an opposite course.*

"The earliest splendid and durable monuments of art, raised in honour of the Bible, are, doubtless, Spanish. Spaniards they were who conceived and executed them. In the place where our *Cervantes* was born, in unremembered ALCALA, where now, perhaps, not a person opens a Bible, in 1517 was printed the earliest Polyglot; and in the same century, the learned and pious *Arias Montano* superintended and printed the second. To Christian eyes these monuments, it is true, form the highest literary prize of our country. But in return, neither in Spanish bosoms, nor in Spanish customs, nor in the lugubrious history of the moral and religious transactions of Spain, are to be seen the traces of the excelling and most worthy monument that the human understanding has to raise to the Bible—THE INFLUENCE OF ITS CONTENTS. And therefore we wish every Spaniard in his heart and conduct to come to the Bible."

Devotional language, more recently received from *Christian friends in Spain*—"Grant that liberty of worship may be established in our Spain, together with complete civil liberty; and that the gift of liberty may be assured for ever, with the free, extensive, and continued printing, circulation, and reading of the HOLY SCRIPTURES! Amen, and Amen."

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